PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

EPTEMBER

25 CENTS
30 Cents In Canada

NRA CODE

OLORES
L RIO

$10,000.00 in Prizes IN THIS ISSUE

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

IF IT'S OKAY . . . YOU'RE OKAY

• You want others to like you, don't you? You'd like to feel that you're an addition to a party instead of a nuisance. You'd like to feel that your business contacts are agreeable. Of course you would!

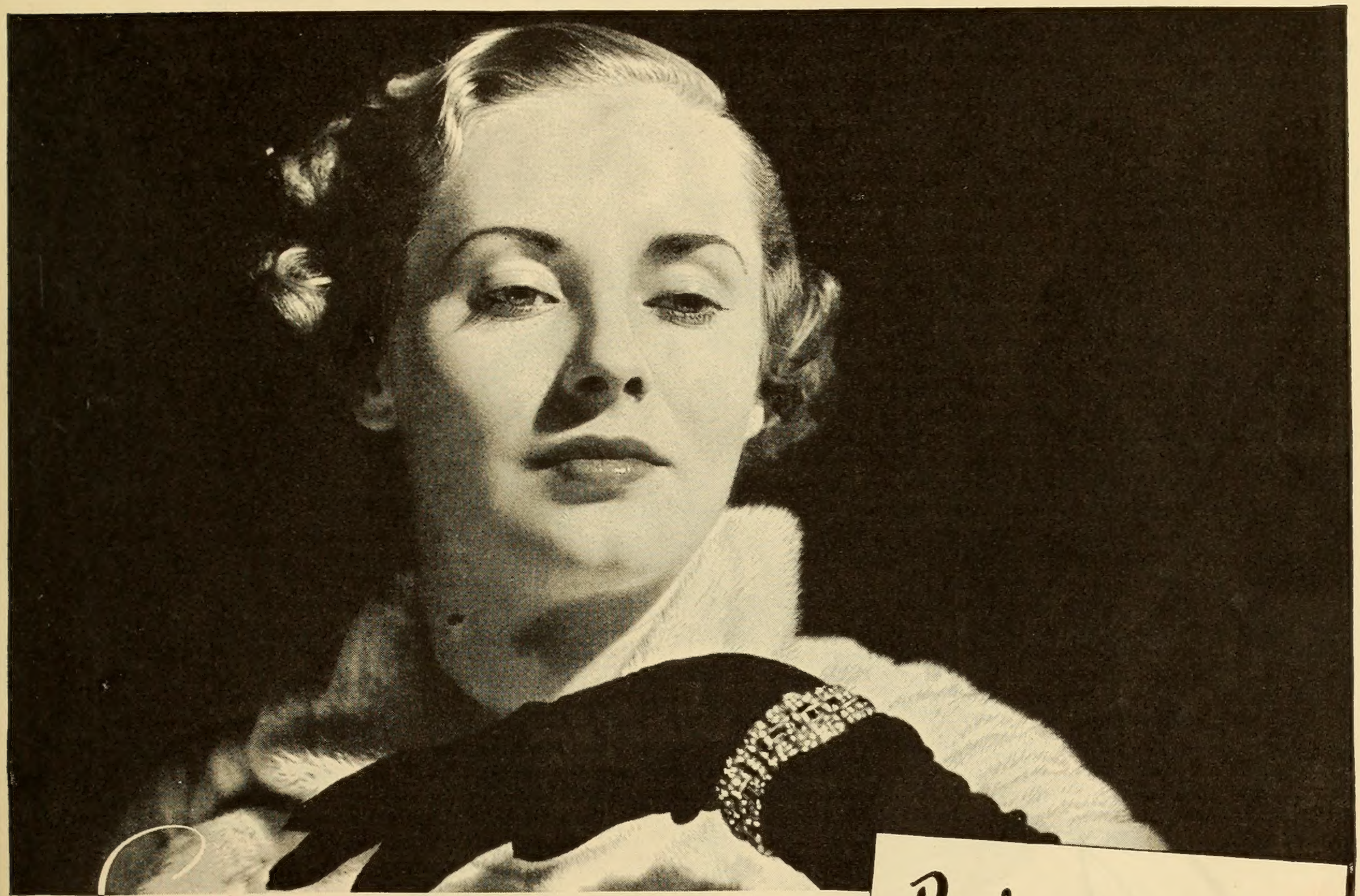
Then we say to you—*be careful about your breath.* Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) spares no one. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it.

You can reduce that risk by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Do it on arising, before retiring and, if you wish to be particularly careful, between times before meeting others. Listerine cleans and invigorates the mouth and combats halitosis. You *know* your breath is improved. Listerine gets results because it halts fermentation, decay, and infection—major causes of odors in the mouth.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Before social engagements **LISTERINE** **Instantly ends halitosis**

What a FOOL She is!



SO PROUD OF HER JEWELS . . . SO BLIND TO HER DULL TEETH, TENDER GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If men's eyes caught only the sparkle of her beautiful jeweled bracelet, this woman would leave a brilliant impression. But they can't forget and they won't forgive the fact that when she smiles her teeth are conspicuously dull and dingy.

Yet night and morning she brushes her teeth—just as faithfully as you do. Her teeth are dull because her gums need attention. She should clean her teeth with Ipana, and in addition she should *massage Ipana into her gums.*

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush" and the prevalence of tender, ailing gums. The coarse foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes, that rob our gums of work and health. Gums become weak and flabby—they tend to bleed. "Pink tooth brush" appears.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums when you brush your teeth. Use Ipana Tooth Paste for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in restoring firmness to the gums.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

Professional Opinion says:

• *From a standard text:*
"The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."

• *Excerpt from a professional journal:*
"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."

• *By a famous specialist:*
"Massaging the gums . . . aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."

NRA CODE

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"... they're together again!

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Editor and Publisher*

William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor* — Ivan St. Johns, *Western Editor*

Vol. XLVI No. 4 — September, 1934

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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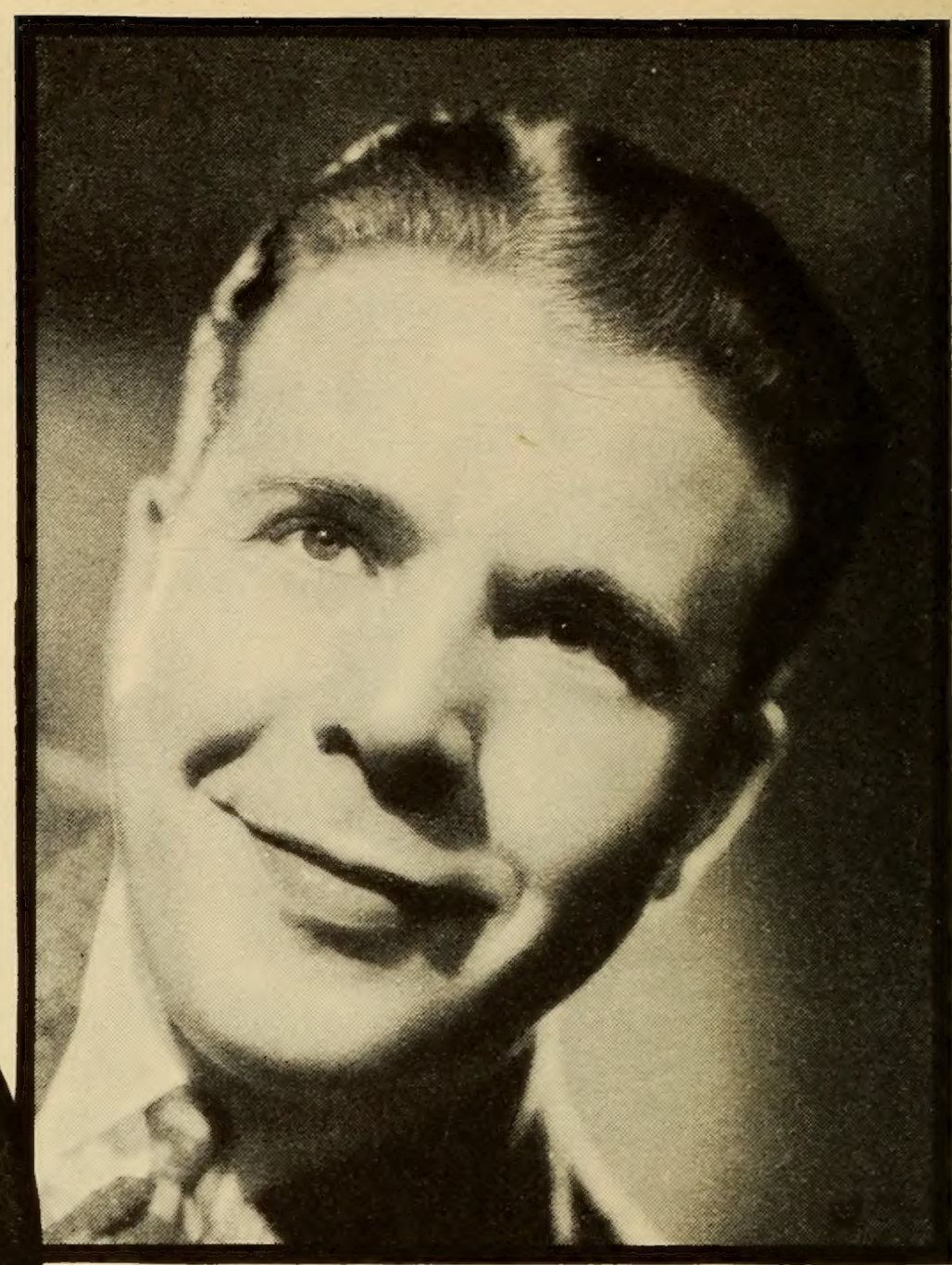
Dick Powell—Music Master



He may be handsome, but he's noisy! You see, this Mister Powell, who figures in all those song and dance movies, really knows what music is all about. And does he play plenty of instruments!

Dick Powell, the heartache of a million girls, is doing his stuff on the mandolin. Just one of Dick's many ways of making melody

The comical looking gentleman on the end of the clarinet is none other than the same Dick Powell. Wonder how the girls feel about him when he looks this way? They probably think he's cute

Ever see a film hero with mussed up hair? Well, look at Dick at his piano. Must have been composing to get in such a fix!

WARNER BROS. "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934.

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON

Brickbats & Bouquets

••••• THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK •••••

Working in "Now and Forever" Shirley was taken by surprise when she was tossed up on a tripod for this photograph! Her rise to fame has been almost as rapid

THE $25 LETTER

Recently I read that certain societies were going to war on pictures featuring stars who were being divorced frequently.

Does a piece of art lose its charm when the life of its perpetuator is exposed? I think any form of art, whether it be sculptoring, painting, singing, or movie-acting, should be judged upon its merits alone.

If a certain actress gives us two hours of fine entertainment, why should we feel less entertained, or prejudiced, because of her "private life"?

Historic celebrities gained much public applause years back, yet their private lives were "secret debaucheries." But who are we to judge?

The actors and actresses have their love affairs "lawfully." What right have we to demand that their films be barred?

MARIE ZIZLAVSKY, New Buffalo, Mich.

THE $10 LETTER

Not long ago I attended a dinner, in which the feature speaker of the evening, a woman prominent in public life, wove into her talk two inspirational messages from "Queen Christina" and "The House of Rothschild."

One was taken from the impressive scene where the Queen said to the blacksmith, "I am highly trained for my calling and have a knack for ruling. So go back to your work, and leave me to attend to mine."

The second reference was to the words of *Baron Rothschild*, "To work with dignity; to trade with dignity; to walk the world with dignity."

These and similar incidents are living evidence that such plays wield a definite influence for good in people's lives.

MARJORIE COOK, Boise, Idaho

THE $5 LETTER

My name is "Audience." I am male and female. I am youth and age. My complexion is red and yellow and black and white. All day long I toil in the factory, I sweat in the fields, I move monotonously on through office routine, I despair amid the drudgery of domestic life, and then—I sink into a cinema seat, the lights dim, the show is on—then I am a king, I am a singer, I carry mails in the clouds, love claims me in the desert. I live in the present, past and future—until the theater doors swing behind me and I am back once more in the drib-drab every day.

HAROLD BLECHYNDEN, Shanghai, China

Crown Thelma? Weary of the Garbo-Hepburn fight, one of Miss Todd's admirers suggests a contest

Or ZaSu? The scared look ZaSu Pitts wears here is *not* because a throne is threatened, however

CUBA'S QUEEN

I read the interesting article "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," and I think it's going to be a grand war. But we Cubans want Garbo out of it. She is *the* Queen and more than that, a genius. She admits no competition.

GRACIELA ABRIL, Havana, Cuba

THREE-FOURTHS GLAMOUR

The Garbo-Hepburn controversy that has been burning up the pages of PHOTOPLAY for the last few months, I find extremely interesting.

I couldn't be classified as either a Garbo fan or a Hepburn fan, but I want to have my say in the argument.

Miss Garbo has been holding audiences spellbound for a long time now. Her technique is seventy-five per cent glamour and twenty-five per cent true acting ability, and she has been consistently placed in glamorous rôles. Miss Hepburn is purely an actress. Her star is in its ascendancy. I believe that if she plays "Joan of Arc" it will be the most inspiring portrayal of the decade.

R. MINZESHEIMER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who can dispute the great Garbo's right to her throne after seeing "Queen Christina"?

Garbo is an enchantress who holds millions spellbound. Greta will always reign queen in the hearts of her movie subjects.

JANET TEMLEY, Hope, Ark.

GARBO AS JO?

In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY Miss Inez Marne stated that Hepburn had not Garbo's acting ability. I disagree with her.

Katharine Hepburn has made five pictures, appearing each time in a different type of rôle. She has played each well.

Garbo has made but one good impression on me and that was her fine acting in "Queen Christina."

Hepburn could have played this rôle well. But could Garbo have played *Jo* in "Little Women"? Never!

I say—three cheers for Hepburn, the most talented of them all.

LUCILE MOTLEY, Murray, Ky.

TWENTY CENTS WORTH

Kathryn Dougherty seems to think it lamentable that the public can see "Queen Christina" for twenty cents. She feels that a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent
MIRIAM HOPKINS as "Curley Flagg"
a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet
KITTY CARLISLE
Paramount Pictures
PRINCETON
"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'"

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (*March*)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (*July*)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (*July*)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (*June*)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (*March*)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (*June*)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (*April*)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (*May*)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (*April*)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (*May*)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (*Aug.*)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (*July*)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (*Aug.*)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (*Aug.*)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (*April*)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (*June*)

★ **BOTTOMS UP** — Fox. — A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (*May*)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (*Aug.*)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (*April*)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (*April*)

Prizes Totaling $10,500.00

are offered in two contests in this magazine. Warner Bros. Pictures and PHOTOPLAY invite you to name a cast for "Anthony Adverse." There are large rewards! And now's the time to send in your solutions to the "Movie Fill-Ins"

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (*April*)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (*Aug.*)

CHANNEL CROSSING — Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (*Aug.*)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (*March*)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (*July*)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (*Aug.*)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (*June*)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (*Aug.*)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (*May*)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society début. Old plot, but fine cast. (*April*)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (*July*)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO — Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (*May*)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (*May*)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (*March*)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE — Universal. — Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (*March*)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (*June*)

★ **DAVID HARUM** — Fox. — Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (*May*)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (*March*)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (*April*)

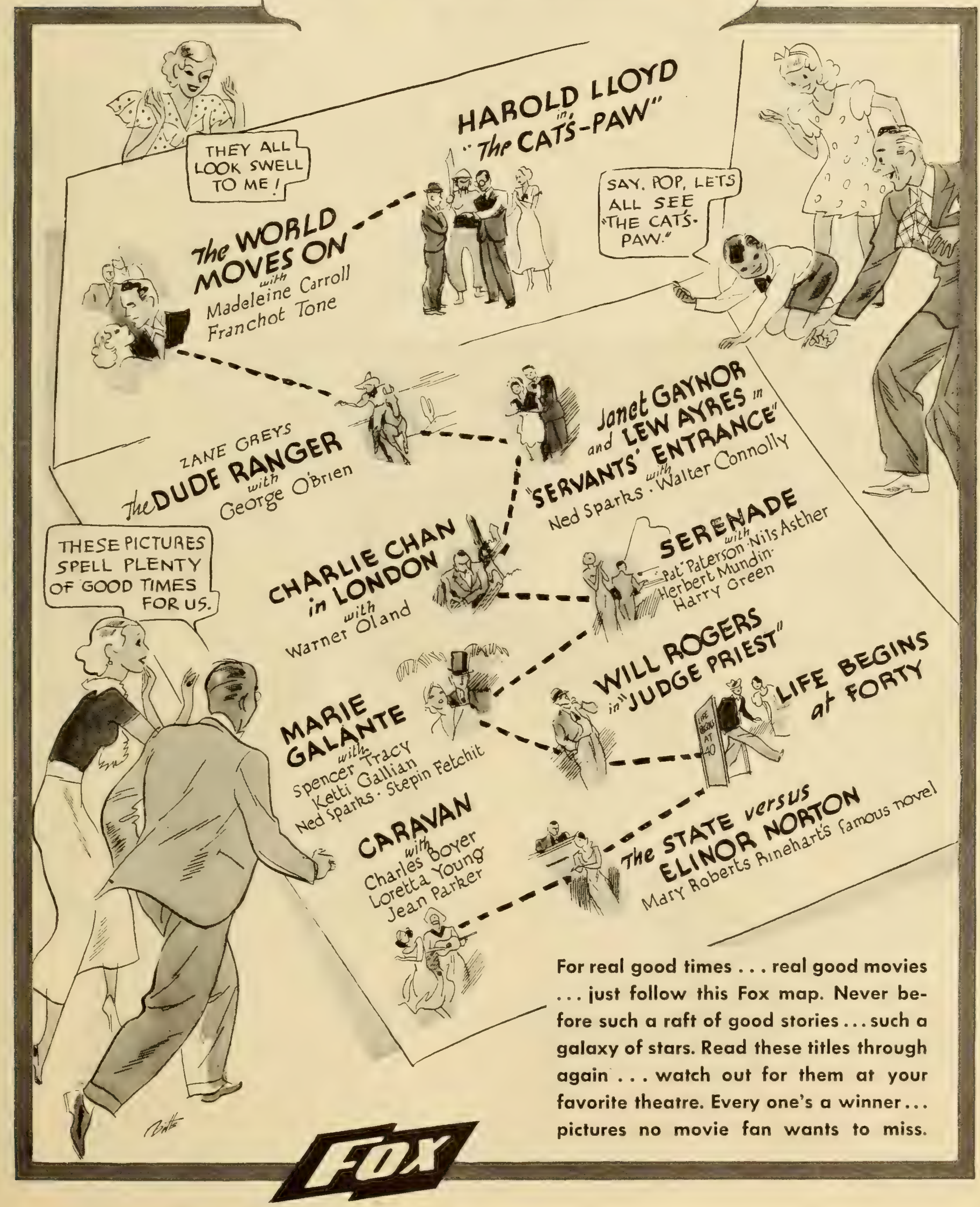
DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (*April*)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (*July*)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season



For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX

Brickbats & Bouquets

∘∘∘∘ IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT, SAY SO! ∘∘∘∘

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

performance by the great Garbo is worth infinitely more. It is.

But there are many, many people who appreciate good acting and who cannot afford to pay very much to see it. Why begrudge them a "bargain"? True art, as I see it, will not deteriorate by being sold cheap.

LEE DE BLANC, New Iberia, La.

DOUBLE BILLS

Sometimes, like all physicians, I take one of my own prescriptions. These include moving pictures, which usually relieve fatigue, afford mental relaxation and banish worry.

But I am entirely with accord with the views expressed by Kathryn Dougherty on page twenty-six of July PHOTOPLAY, regarding the two-for-one policy of some movie houses. This negatives much, if not all, of the good that can be expected from attending such shows.

DR. HUGO ERICHSEN, Birmingham, Mich.

MARKEY

I have seen most of the star pictures of 1933-34. But none can compare with "Little Miss Marker." Shirley Temple should be crowned Queen of the screen.

JACQUELINE CAPLAN, Chicago, Ill.

A KING, TOO

While all this chaos is going on over Hepburn and Garbo, King Gable's throne is being threatened! Franchot Tone is marching in!

Are we going to let Tone be acclaimed King? I should say not! Suppose some of you movie-goers tell the world that Gable still reigns. How about it?

KAY LUTZ, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PEACE MAKER

Garbo has ruled for years, but now Hepburn comes to share that command. The throne should be parted. One should have the crown, the other the sceptre.

FRANCISCO AYON, JR., El Paso, Texas

GO RIGHT AHEAD!

I'm tired of the question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?"

Please, can I start a squabble on, "Is It Thelma Todd or ZaSu Pitts?"

EVELYN HOBSON, Birmingham, Ala.

MAMA'S TECHNIQUE

Lots of grown-ups think movies are bad for kids. But I think movies make us behave. They also make us get good grades in school.

Last week, for instance, my mother said, "If you wash the supper dishes nicely every evening you can go to see Joan Crawford in 'Sadie McKee' on Saturday." So I did. And, boy, was it worth it!

I know if I don't make good grades, she won't let me go to the movies and that makes me study hard.

Also, movies teach us how to act properly in public.

PAULINE M., Graham, N. C.

ADULT MAKE-BELIEVE

It's the grown-ups, not the children, that need movies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Clark Gable doesn't look very happy, even though he and Mrs. Gable were being entertained at the Marion Davies Foundation Benefit. Maybe Clark heard that some think another has stolen his throne and he's no longer king

Yet, with a smile like that, and the new popularity he won with his work in "Manhattan Melodrama," there will be plenty of Gable admirers ready and anxious to defend Clark's supremacy on Filmdom's throne

Joan Crawford's allure is so powerful, she can even make children cheerful about dishwashing! Or, so one child confessed in a letter. Joan looks especially lovely in that sky-blue chiffon gown Adrian created for her. She wore it in "Sadie McKee"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in
Fannie Hurst's
Imitation of Life
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Brickbats & Bouquets

••••• IF YOU DID LIKE IT, SAY SO •••••

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 |

Wally looks rather glum! At the Screen Actors Frolic, too. But since he attended all five performances, he *must* have liked it! Long a favorite, Beery's glory never seems to dim

Children play make-believe all day—pretending—happy because they have a dream world.

But the only land of make-believe most busy adults have is the motion picture theater.

MRS. W. K., Los Angeles, Calif.

At last the ideal setting for the most fascinating man in screenland was found! "Manhattan Melodrama" gave Clark Gable the chance to show his talent.

G. M., New York, N. Y.

HICK TOWN HOLLYWOOD

Some think Hollywood is a sophisticated place.

But I think it's just a hick town.

In Hollywood, as in any hick town, when a woman is going to have a baby, everybody knows it. The only difference is, in Hollywood it gets in the papers.

In a hick town, if a boy calls on a girl twice in ten days, everybody predicts a marriage and talks it over with the neighbors. In Hollywood they go a step farther and talk it over with the reporters.

In a hick town everybody knows that Mr. Such-and-Such socked his wife and she's gone home to mother. In Hollywood everybody knows it, too, but before she goes home to mother she has her pictures taken for the public prints.

Yes, essentially, it's a hick town. Just a few differences in minor details.

CATHARINE ANWEILER, Kokomo, Ind.

RIOT CALL!

When the lunch whistle blows at our C. C. C. Camp, every man makes a dash for the chow truck. But the speed we show then is nothing compared with the rush that follows, in the evening, when one guy comes into the barracks and yells, "Hey, fellers! Movies in five minutes!"

WILLIAM POPECK,
C. C. C., Coal Creek, Tenn.

CENSOR BE PRAISED!

Mr. Will Hays, you deserve praise! Your unceasing fight against the objectionable in pictures has the gratitude of every parent and person of good taste.

The battle is not yet won, but Mr. Hays is fast setting the standard of decency that the Motion Picture Art deserves.

GERALD J. LANE, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLIP! CLIP!

Clip, clip here. Clip, clip there. Here a clip. There a clip. Everywhere clip, clip.

No, this is not a play-by-play account of a sheep-shearer doing his stuff. It is only the scissors of ye olde censorship.

I consider myself a "lady" and am accepted in the most refined of circles; but I am yet to be shocked by a film that portrays life as it is lived by millions, yes, lived even by our own dear censorship boards.

BERDA DAYARA, Mt. Hope, Wash.

QUINTUPLETS WANTED

I wish Wallace Beery were triplets! Or better yet, quintuplets, since they've become the fashion anyhow.

As one man, he simply can't make enough pictures to suit me. I'm waiting anxiously now for "Treasure Island."

M. CARTER, St. Louis, Mo.

ATTENTION!

All married couples! Go and see Myrna Loy and William Powell in "The Thin Man." Not a triangle throughout.

BERTHA B. THORNLEY, Sheldonville, Mass.

William Powell made a large hit in "The Thin Man." Something about that half-insolent, come-hither look of Powell's attracts the ladies! His next is "The Casino Murder Case"

Another reason why "The Thin Man" was a favorite film. Having definitely discarded her "other woman" rôles, Myrna Loy will be teamed again with Powell in his next movie

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (*March*)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (*Aug.*)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (*April*)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (*March*)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who *is* an actor. (*May*)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (*June*)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (*March*)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (*March*)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (*July*)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (*May*)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (*March*)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (*Aug.*)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (*Aug.*)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (*March*)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (*May*)

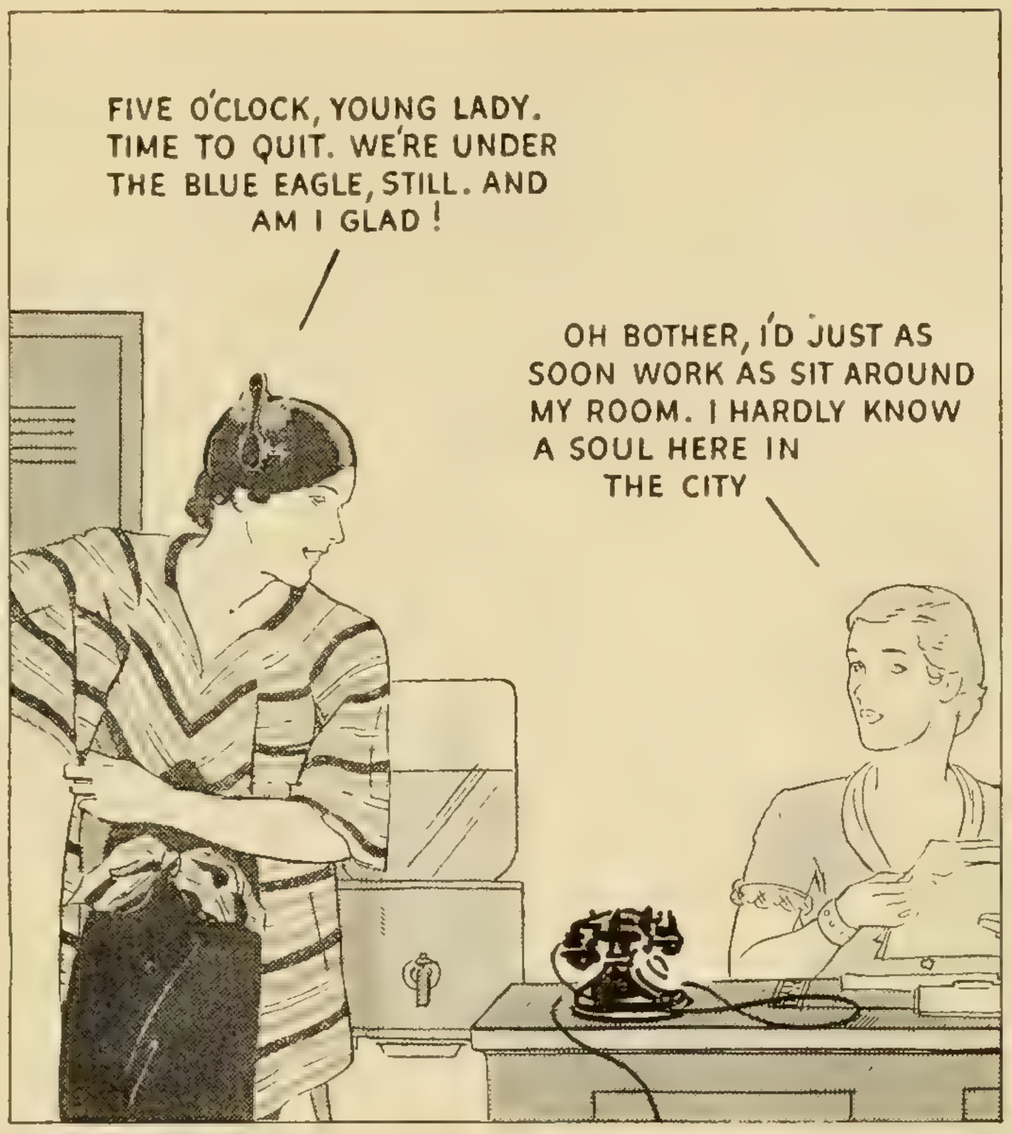
★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (*May*)

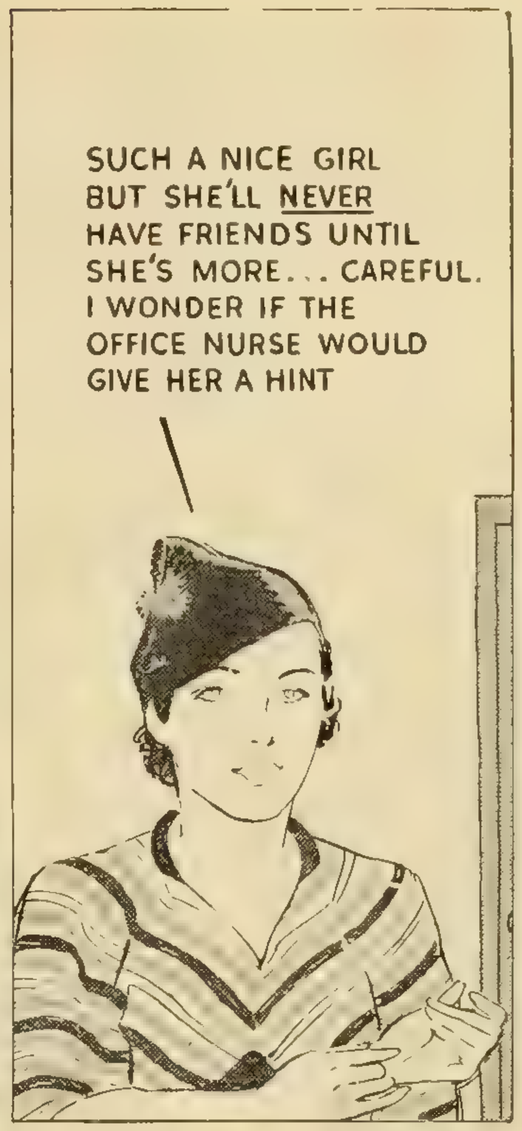
GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (*April*)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (*April*)

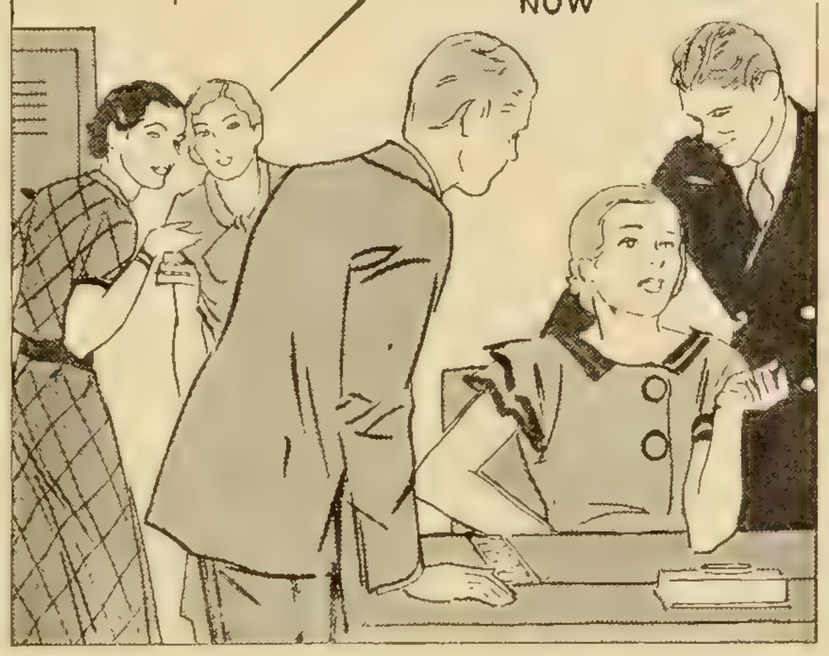
★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (*June*)

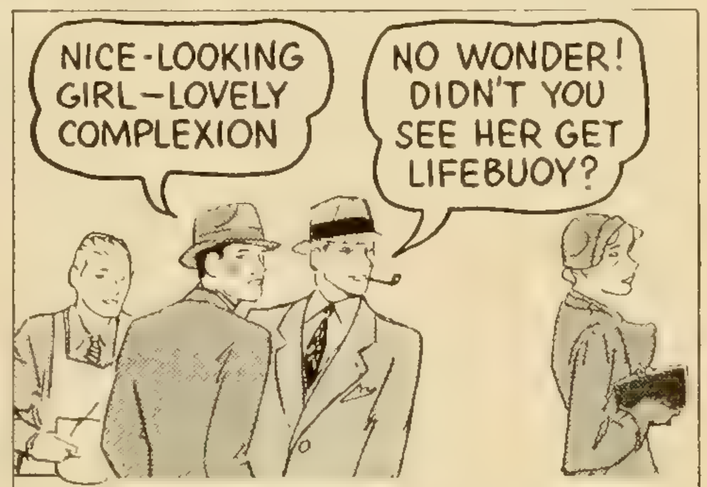
★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD** — M-G-M. — In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (*March*)





"B.O." GONE—*most popular girl in the office*





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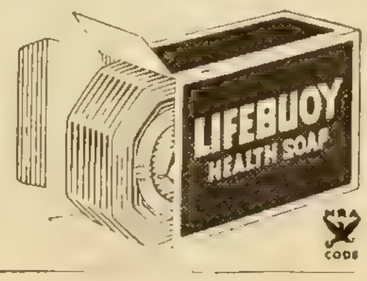

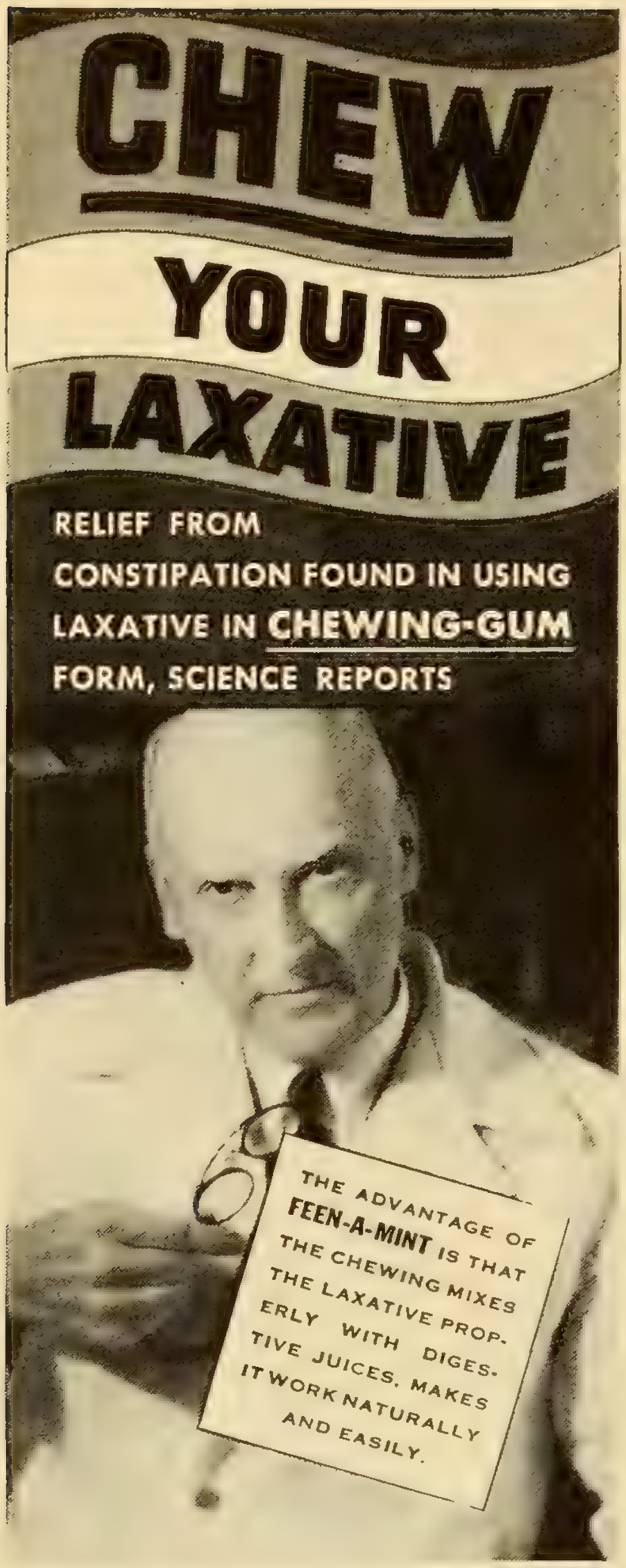

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FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the *lower* intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (*April*)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (*Aug.*)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (*July*)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (*July*)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as *Harold*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Lillums* are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (*May*)

HEAT LIGHTNING — Warners. — Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (*May*)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (*Aug.*)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (*Aug.*)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (*Aug.*)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for muffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (*April*)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (*March*)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (*June*)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (*March*)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (*June*)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (*June*)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western; with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (*May*)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (*May*)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (*March*)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film début in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (*May*)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (*Aug.*)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (*Aug.*)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (*July*)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (*March*)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (*June*)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (*May*)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (*April*)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (*April*)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (*April*)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (*May*)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (*May*)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (*July*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsligafilm Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (*March*)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (*April*)

KEY THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (*Aug.*)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (*Aug.*)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (*Aug.*)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (*March*)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (*Aug.*)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (*May*)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (*April*)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (*May*)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (*March*)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (*Aug.*)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (*Aug.*)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (*Aug.*)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (*July*)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (*May*)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (*April*)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (*April*)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (*July*)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (*April*)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (*Aug.*)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (*April*)

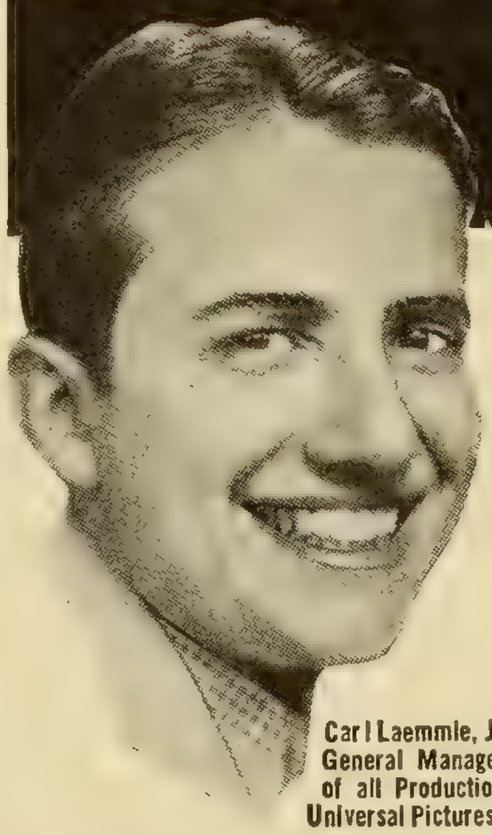
MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame Du-Barry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (*Aug.*)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (*March*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

"I'd give $1,000,000 for a NEW STAR!"

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.



Carl Laemmle, Jr.
General Manager
of all Production
Universal Pictures Corp.

Quoted from special article—*New Movie Magazine:*

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—*Carl Laemmle, Jr.*

CARL LAEMMLE, JR. APPOINTED CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

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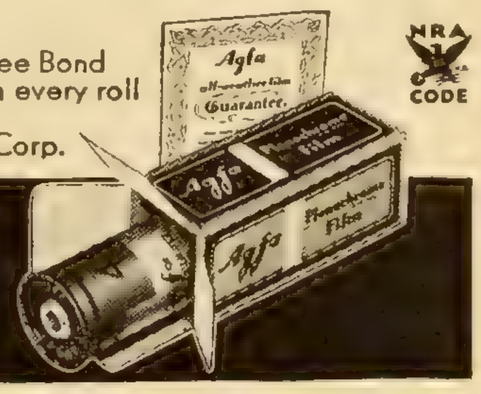

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"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS.** Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.

GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).

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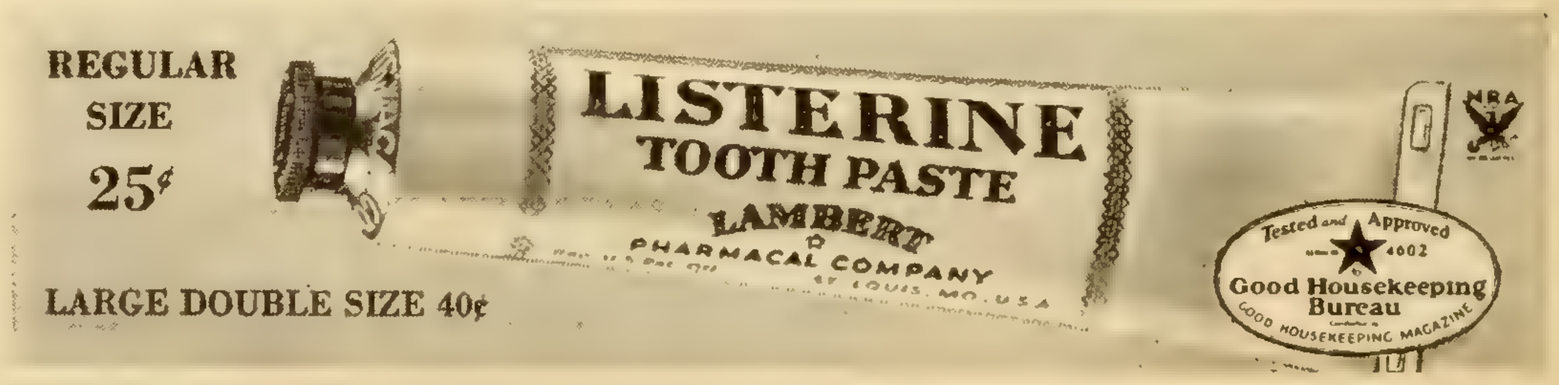


Ernest A. Bachrach

JOAN MARSH, blonde and lively, the epitome of youth and all its lovely allure, now has a featured part in RKO-Radio's picture "We're Rich Again." Joan, as you know, designs her own clothes, when she can find the time. Here she is wearing her latest creation. We'd say Joan has a keen eye to grace and charm of line and assembled effect

Bert Longworth

BETTE DAVIS has been so busy, she wishes she were two people. And here, with the help of a mirror, she shows how she'd look if she were. She'd make more money, too, and that's what she wants. Bette finished "Housewife" at her home studio, Warners, and "Of Human Bondage" for Radio, then struck for a higher Warner contract

HANDSOME Don Alvarado and the petite Steffi Duna glide gracefully through the movements of one of their romantic dances in the RKO-Radio musical short subject, "La Cucaracha," in which they have the leading rôles. Something novel is promised with this picture It will be filmed entirely in color, under a new and greatly improved process

BLONDE, blue-eyed Alice Faye, called "Cuddly" by her intimate friends, continues her meteoric screen stardom with the leading feminine rôle in the Fox picture, "She Learned About Sailors." This former Vallee troupe singer has been a star since her first film rôle, in "George White's Scandals." Next came drama in "Now I'll Tell"

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty

HOLLYWOOD is having a reformation. It has placed its own ban on sex pictures—an intricate problem for the producing companies to solve, for there are millions of dollars tied up in pictures either already made or in process of filming. The situation is like that of an automobile manufacturer who must either cast aside or rebuild the models already under construction. Mae West's "It Ain't No Sin" is being re-vamped, and is expected eventually to go forth under another very much milder title. And there are other similar cases. The question is, will these rebuilt films be in harmony with the trade-marked players' personalities?

THE studios are all headed for the vast open spaces. We may consider "Treasure Island" as a fair index of forthcoming productions. And our old time cowboys may ride range again.

But, meantime, what of the ladies of boudoir manners and sophisticated speech? Will they be able to turn to the right and get away with it? Well, I believe that Harlow, for one, can. In "Red Dust" she showed a distinct flair for comedy. Besides, it's not hard to imagine Jean playing the rôle of an outdoor girl.

ON the other hand, wouldn't it be a bit absurd to send that gorgeous face and figure into the wilderness as a trapper's mate?

Gloria Swanson is not only a personality. She is an actress of considerable versatility. Gloria has weathered many changes in screen modes these eighteen years. I have an intuition she can again turn the trick.

As for Anna Sten, she is in the fortunate position of being new—not altogether tried. She began with a somewhat artificial sex rôle, but there are possibilities of tragedy in that sturdy little Russian. In spite of her great success in "Nana," I feel that her real abilities have not yet been tested.

However, all this is largely guess. What will the tomorrow really bring for these great ones of today?

And so, it is not only the producers whose heads toss these nights on sleepless pillows. Many a star is also kept awake by her perturbing thoughts.

AT the time this is written Marie Dressler is very close to the Great Divide. Some months ago, after a devastating illness, she returned to the studio to make "Tugboat Annie," in conjunction with Wallace Beery. Though so weakened she went through her rôle with difficulty, nevertheless her inimitable power to depict laughter and pathos never failed her for a moment. What a gallant team was the Dressler-Beery combination. How it won the hearts of the world!

The secret of the success of this great pair of actors is not hard to find. Only a truly sincere person can play the rôle of a lovable, honest woman or man on the screen. Marie and Wally were never really acting in those heart-throb scenes in "Min and Bill" or "Tugboat Annie." They would have deported themselves in much the same way in real-life circumstances.

HOW understandingly sympathetic have been Marie's relations with all about her—from prop boy to fellow stars and producers. But her personal influence has necessarily been limited as compared with the good she exerted through pictures. Whereas only hundreds directly benefited from her helpful word and kindly smile, millions who laughed and wept with her throughout a film, left the theater bettered and comforted by the marvelous warmth of her screen presence.

I THINK it was a mistake ever to call the making of motion pictures an "industry." One might just as accurately speak of the "theater industry," the "dancing industry" or the "book-writing industry." No industry—important or interesting as it may be—such as manufacturing locomotives or oatmeal, ever captured the emotions. But that is really what a film does. Those back of your screen fare, from scenarist and casting director to producer, are engaged in one of the fine arts. If they are not, that particular studio must mend its ways or go out of business.

The case of Irving Thalberg exactly illustrates my point. Run off before him a motion picture that won't click with the public, he'll tell you what is wrong with it, and, what is better, so amend the plot and the lines as to insure the desired audience response.

MR. THALBERG is an ace producer on the M-G-M lot. He is both creative and practical. No long-haired dreamer who believes in art for art's sake, he demands only entertainment in a picture—live, vivid entertainment that the average intelligent man and woman can understand and enjoy. If that theory isn't sound, then Charles Dickens was a failure as a novelist.

Today but thirty-five years old, Mr. Thalberg early won his spurs as a maker of great pictures. On the Universal lot, where he began his career, he inspired such memorable productions as "Merry-Go-Round" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Later, going to Metro, his "The Big Parade" was an international sensation and made John Gilbert a world-wide favorite. Likewise, "Ben-Hur" was acclaimed by the world. He sponsored "Flesh and the Devil," the picture that set Garbo's feet firmly on the ladder of fame. "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in which his wife, Norma Shearer, showed preeminent ability as an actress; "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in which Helen Hayes first appeared on the screen; "Grand Hotel," which brought together in one picture a dozen great stars —all attested to the fact that whatever Irving Thalberg's genius touched, was shaped into a masterpiece, notable not only for its entertainment value but for its artistry.

A man with a highly sensitive imagination, he might have been a novelist or a playwright, but he has the rare faculty of being able to deal with life as well as to create ideas; to manage people, and to organize and coordinate.

It is on such men as Irving Thalberg that motion picture hopes must be pinned. He can sponsor a film as robustly adventurous as "Trader Horn," or as ethereal as "Smilin' Through."

Under his sponsorship, Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton are now completing "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which, by the way, is one answer to the cry for better pictures.

A face for every rôle! And Herbert Mundin can change his face as quickly as a director can yell "Camera!" The versatile English comedian rarely changes his speech, however. It usually remains cockney. He learned the brogue from a London deck-hand during the War. Off the screen 'Erb speaks polished English. He's one of the busiest players on the Fox lot

The Miseries *of* Nudism

By Winifred Aydelotte

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

PONDERING at some length upon the brief economy of Maureen O'Sullivan's costume in "Tarzan and His Mate," I sat in the commissary at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and wondered, while waiting for her to join me at lunch, what the lady thought about nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular.

Nobody else in the celluloid circle had quite as much right to think about it as she had, I thought.

The vision of her, swinging lithely from tree to tree in nothing but the swift streamline that nature had given her, with no ruffles or skirts to offer any wind resistance, was occupying my mind when Miss O'Sullivan hove in sight.

Hove is the right word.

Boned, stayed, and arrayed in the voluminous, electric blue velvet costume of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she stood in the doorway of the commissary, completely blocking out all the California sunshine, and cast a despairing look across the crowded room in my direction.

"Nudism worked in the Garden of Eden until the snake came along and said, 'Yah! You're naked!' Right there women began to figure out ways to look attractive, though clothed," says Maureen O'Sullivan.

"Baby monks are darling, but the adults are mean. Every time one of them came toward me, I gritted my teeth. It meant another bite"

Proceeding cautiously and slowly, she barged between the tables, dragging chairs in her wake and gathering up quite a number of men's hats. It all reminded me of a large vessel easing through the crowded locks of a canal. Exhausted, she finally came to rest beside me. And then began the business of getting her and all her paraphernalia into a chair, and her knees, stiffly fenced with an enormous hoop skirt, under the table. The combined efforts of two waiters and Johnny Farrow at last achieved the impossible. She was docked.

"Ship ahoy!" I said.

"Whew!" she heaved. "What a difference a couple of pictures can make in a girl's costume! Whenever I light anywhere in this dress I feel like staying for awhile."

"What do you think of nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular?" I asked, without further ceremony.

"I'll have the fillet of beef with mushroom sauce," she told the waiter. Then, turning to me: "I eat like a horse."

"Neigh, neigh," I disagreed, for I also had ordered the fillet of beef.

"But what do you think—?"

"I approve of nudism in the right place, by the right people, and in the right way," she said. "But I do *not* approve of enforced nudism."

"What do you mean—enforced?"

"I mean, 'Tarzan,' " she said. "If I were on a desert island, I should probably dress exactly as I did in that picture. If I were in my own back yard for a sun bath I should probably have on less than that, for I think the sun is a great health factor. But, to be forced to go around with practically no clothes on for eight hours every day of a freezing winter; to stand knee deep in what I am sure was melted ice water and then have the sound man yell, 'I can hear your teeth chattering, Miss O'Sullivan. You'll have to control them ' and with not even the doubtful recompense of a good, healthy tan after a year of working under those conditions—for the thick coat of body paint I had to wear kept me as white as a lily. . . . That's what I mean by the miseries of enforced nudism."

"But didn't you, on the whole, feel healthier while making 'Tarzan'?" I asked.

"I never was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

If anyone in Hollywood has a right to talk about nudism, it is Maureen O'Sullivan. And *Tarzan's* mate says she never was more miserable than when forced to go raw

The Revolt

Hollywood blames one man for the regrettable change in Dietrich, and refers to him as "Svengali" Von Sternberg. He is charged with making a Trilby of Marlene

POOR Marlene. She's made such a mess of things.

The public she left gasping from that first impact with her personality and beauty four years ago is now breathing normally.

The American press, that flung prudence to the winds when it tapped out the reviews on her first Hollywood picture, is now sharpening the best of its garroting adjectives for her latest effort, "Scarlet Empress."

Come down from the stratosphere, Marlene, and breathe again the nice, thick atmosphere with which your fellow men are well content. Come down, Marlene, before it is too late and the elevator service is switched off forever. For, in a town where personalities change overnight—nay, hourly—the transformation of Marlene Dietrich has stricken those who know her and love her.

Let a few lucid comparisons paint the picture for you of those mis-matched twins—the Marlene Dietrich of 1930 and *La* Dietrich, model 1934.

On a spring morning four years ago, I was called from my work-worn desk in the Paramount Studio publicity offices to the sanctum of the department head. There I found my boss playing host to a strangely assorted pair—the diminutive Josef Von Sternberg and a large but very beautiful blonde. Cables had warned us that the noted director was bringing from Germany an unknown genius, so I realized that this blonde was the genius.

With an orthodox eye, I took inventory of her make-up. The clothes were unpromising—a frankly "Dutchy" baby-blue chiffon frock (selected, no doubt, for the mythical tropical California climate), an enormous bow-trimmed, pink hat and, upon-my-word-as-a-lady-press-agent, PINK SATIN SHOES.

We were introduced. She murmured something indistinctly. Von Sternberg did all the talking, laying out a definite campaign for her introduction to the American press. Miss Dietrich (we didn't know how to pronounce her name correctly at the time) managed occasionally a quavering "yes" or "no," but nothing more. She was frightened into a state of rigidity. A new country, a new language, and a fabulous Hollywood filled with lovely women of a slimness she never thought possible, had her stymied. There is little doubt Marlene that day felt like a country bumpkin.

Came the afternoon of her first interview. Marlene arrived at the studio an hour early. She had discarded the baby-blue and pink creation, to my immense relief, and affected an extremely mannish blue serge suit with a vagabond hat that did wonders for her gold and marble beauty. The date was with the most famous of Hollywood's feminine columnists, and Marlene was in a fine flurry of nerves.

"Do you think she will like me?" she

No longer timid and friendly to writers, she openly shows her boredom and refuses to talk. They're a bit fed up

Defying critics, she clings loyally to Von Sternberg's direction

Against Dietrich

Does the German beauty stand at the top of the toboggan slide from which no one returns?

By Julie Lang

pleaded. "She will make fun of my English, no? She will like my clothes, you think? Must I not talk of my baby, Maria? Will she not like me if I have a baby?"

The famous feminine columnist, let me state, was more than an hour late, but Marlene did not think of questioning a newspaper woman's right to such privileges.

Now let us draw the curtain aside on a typical Dietrich interview in the 1934 manner.

An important screen magazine writer wishes to see Marlene. Five dates have been made and five dates the star's secretary has cancelled before the writer is admitted to the *suite moderne*, Number 112, Dressing-Room Row, Paramount Studios. Ah, no, Dietrich never opens the doors of her *home* to the press. Her deep broadloom is never sullied with the imprints of soles that tread editorial floors.

Dietrich is gorgeous today, yes; but her new Sternberg film, "Scarlet Empress," wastes her

Do you believe it? This really is Marlene as she looked in German films, before Von found her. Not so glamorous then

The writer waits an hour before the star arrives, but never thinks of questioning the great one's right to such privileges. Clad in a costume that is a cross between a Heidelberg student's uniform and a doorman's outfit, Dietrich enters with body-guard and chauffeur. After numerous telephone calls, a session with a perfume atomizer and a glance through a portfolio of her latest still pictures, she sends for the long-suffering writer.

The interview begins (with Dietrich staring out the window). It turns out to be one of her famous "yes and no" interviews. The tremulous writer asks question after question, but she is buffeted by that insurmountable "yes" or "no," or now and then a reckless "I don't know."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Von Sternberg's discovery took the country by storm, revealing the famous legs in her inaugural Hollywood film, "Morocco." Gary Cooper was Marlene's love

CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

MARLENE DIETRICH may remain loyal to Josef Von Sternberg (he will direct her next picture, "Red Pawn"), but Josef hasn't got a monopoly on her time any more. He used to be her escort on practically every occasion. For a while they were not on speaking terms.

And Hollywood has seen Marlene going about recently with Brian Aherne and Douglass Montgomery.

'Tis said that *La* Dietrich likes to go places with the tall and handsome Aherne because he can dance like nobody's business, and Douglass —well, maybe he appeals to her maternal instincts. Hubby Rudolph Sieber occasionally chaperons them.

WHEN Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow's "ex," was stricken recently with infantile paralysis, Jean was most solicitous about him, visited him daily, and phoned several times about his condition. Of course, Hollywood wondered if the tragedy of sickness would reconcile the pair. But Jean's closest friends say absolutely no. Naturally, Jean thinks a great deal of her former lord and master, and when he was in danger he was first in her thought—but Cupid won't get a return engagement.

One wouldn't think it possible to see four happily married Hollywoodians at one time—but here they are. Seated are Mrs. Conrad Nagel, left, and Vilma Banky. Standing, Rod La Rocque and Leatrice Joy, now Mrs. William Hook, Jr., at the Hotel Del Monte

Surrounded by an admiring throng, Mary Pickford and Grace Moore leave the theater after the preview of "One Night of Love," Miss Moore's sensational screen hit

PRACTICALLY all Hollywood was backing Max Baer to win in the heavyweight championship ring massacre. Except one girl—June Knight.

FRANTIC calls from the *maison* W. C. Fields at Toluca Lake had Hollywood medicos scurrying there, to find the inimitable Bill in dire distress. He said he had done something to his leg while playing tennis and that it was turning green. Well, the doctors assured him it wasn't green, but black and blue, and that the trouble was a torn ligament.

Bill heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I thought it might have to be amputated," he said, "and it wasn't that so much—" He sighed again.

"But what?" asked the puzzled doctors.

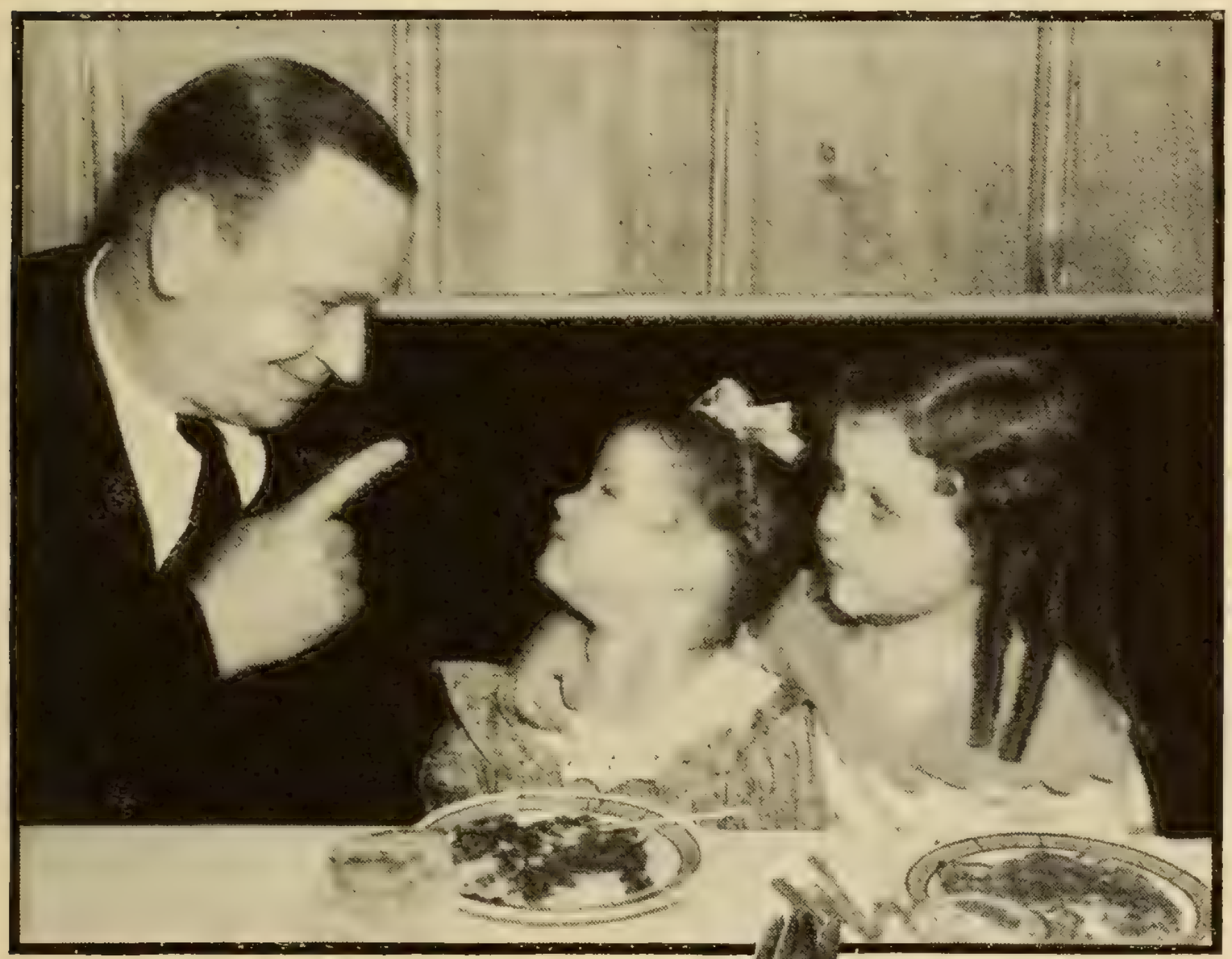
"Well—that's my *hollow* leg," Mr. Fields explained, as he rose, with another sigh, this time one of contentment, and hobbled to his pet revolving bar in the den.

IT would seem Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., might need that one thousand dollars a day his California real estate holdings bring him in.

His castle in England has eighty-three bedrooms, seven drawing rooms, a ballroom which accommodates five hundred people, not forgetting a staff of forty-eight servants—and a constant stream of guests.

By the way, he's reported returning this fall for a Broadway stage show.

Hollywood Goings-On!



Wallace Beery is telling his daughter, Carol Ann, that she will have curls like Joan's if she eats spinach. But Carol Ann is skeptical. Joan's mother is Kathryn Dougherty, publisher of PHOTOPLAY

RICHARD DIX' marriage to his secretary, Virginia Webster, was a perfect screen-idol-worshiper's dream come true. Here's how it happened.

Virginia, just out of college, was looking for a job. She answered an ad for a secretary, and found five hundred and ninety-nine other girls there. All were interviewed by one Mr. John Brimmer. The most favorable checks fell beside Virginia's name. She was hired.

Not as secretary to Mr. Brimmer, however, but to Richard Dix. Uncle John, as he is to Dix, was only fronting for the star.

In less than six months the secretary found herself in love with the boss, and vice versa. So what? So they quietly came East and were just as quietly married, with an European honeymoon in view.

But Dix's father became ill, and they compromised on a boat trip back to California. And there they are.

IN a little talk with Kay Francis just before she departed on her long-deferred European vacation, I found out that Maurice Chevalier does not hold the field alone. There are "three or four others" whom she sees as often as she does Maurice, but the fact has not been as publicized. Also, she is not going to be married, according to the way she feels now . . . But you never can tell what will happen on an ocean voyage!

Madeleine Carroll arrives in England, home again after making "The World Moves On" for Fox here. Her husband, Philip Astley, accompanies her

On crutches! But W. C. can still take it! It scared Fields when he hurt his *hollow* leg at tennis. He couldn't lose *that* leg! It was just a torn ligament

JACK BARRYMORE is seriously ill with another attack of the jungle fever which he contracted several years ago. The germ of this malignant fever will lie dormant in the system for a long time, to go into action again when the resistance is low.

IN Warners' current "A Lady Surrenders," Jean Muir is the lady. But more money was spent on Verree Teasdale's costumes than on Jean's, which proves something or other.

IF Franchot Tone has been letting his picture success travel above his ears, as some have said, he should be back running a normal temperature now.

A friend of his took it upon himself to collar Franchot and tell him the facts of Hollywood, ending thus:

"And please don't let Joan Crawford's success go to your head."

IT'S more like the third act of a Noel Coward play than an actual happening.

But it did happen and in Hollywood, of course.

Gloria Swanson rounded a corner on the M-G-M lot with Herbert Marshall in tow. "Oh pardon, please," they murmured as they ran head-on into someone in a hurry. There was a pause, then there they were—Gloria's ex-husband, Wally Beery, face to face with Gloria and her new heart interest. To top it off, around the same corner just then bobbed Connie Bennett, who married another of Gloria's ex-husbands, the Marquis, and who is Herbert Marshall's screen heart interest in her next picture, title in doubt.

For a long painful moment, the four of them stood there, not saying a word. Then all at once they started in the same direction, halted, started in the other, paused again and, finally, drifted off one by one.

Romantic rumors continue to fly concerning Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane. Here they are, leaving the Hollywood Playhouse after the "Keep It a Dream" première

A PRODUCER who was present tells exactly how Garbo went about casting her new picture, "The Painted Veil." A list of all available directors was handed her. Carefully she read down until the name Boleslavsky caught her eye. "I'll take him," she said calmly, but firmly.

"You like his work?" the producer asked.

Garbo shrugged. "I don't know his work, but he is a foreigner and they are better."

Next a list of leading men was given her. "We really have Otto Kruger, a splendid actor, in mind," she was told. Garbo was silent. "Of course, there is another prospect," they said, "Herbert Marshall, an Englishman."

"An Englishman?" asked Garbo. "All right. I take him."

"We're glad you like his work," they told her. "He's a fine actor."

"I am glad," she said. "Of his work I know nothing. But if he is an Englishman, he is all right."

Now the American company and American crew are wondering if Garbo will tolerate them long enough to make an American movie. And have even gone so far as to wonder if the American money she receives also will be acceptable.

THE creme de la creme turned out for Grace Moore's preview of "One Night of Love." Gloria Swanson arrived with Herbert Marshall, and as they were leaving, Gloria raised quite a fuss with a news photographer whom she thought had snapped them. He gallantly removed the plate from his camera and destroyed it. Gloria rewarded him with a reluctant smile, never guessing that the plate was a total blank!

ONE of Hollywood's most shocking tragedies was the violent death of Dorothy Dell in a recent automobile accident.

Dorothy, "Miss Universe" of 1930, gave unusual promise as a first rate star-to-be in "Little Miss Marker." She had played a lead in the last "Follies" produced by Flo Ziegfeld, had won a name on the radio—and seemed to

Charles Ray has been yawning at cameramen for a long time—but he has to stop it now! Once a great movie favorite, Ray is making a screen come-back in Paramount's picture, "Ladies Must Listen." It's his first feature since "Garden of Eden" back in 1927

"We laugh at the same things—which is most important," Richard Dix said in forecasting the success of his marriage to his secretary of six months, Virginia Webster. Virginia said she is not socially ambitious, that she will not enter movies. She's a home girl

have arrived at the first steps of an important career.

Nineteen years old—everything ahead of her—then a sharp turn in the road—and oblivion.

And apparently she was in the safest of all possible hands. The doctor who had saved her mother's life during a pneumonia siege was at the wheel of the ill-fated car, and died with her.

HERE is where I do a little announcing about myself. It gave me quite a nice feeling to find all you readers listening in when I began my broadcasts in "45 Minutes In Hollywood," the Borden program, when it was started Saturday, January 27. It was even more enjoyable to find you kept right up with me when "45 Minutes In Hollywood" went over to Sunday nights on April 8.

So, knowing your interest, I want to tell you that on and after Thursday, July 26, you'll hear me, still on the Borden program, "45 Minutes In Hollywood," at ten o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Don't forget it's a date, Thursday night, July 26, at ten o'clock, E. D. S. T., Cal York announcing. Thank you.

FRED ASTAIRE, dance king, insisted on having a stand-in on the set.

"Wouldn't do any good," the director told him. "No one else can imitate your steps or fold up into your postures."

"I know," agreed Fred, "but I want somebody to pant for me."

YOU'D never think, to look at him now, that some years ago the doctor told W. C. Fields he was in the last stages of tuberculosis and might as well give up. Instead, Bill bought himself an open-topped Ford and went driving over the country wherever his vaudeville tour took him.

No matter how far below zero the thermometer sank, there sat Willie with the breezes blowing about his head.

A year later he went back to the doctor. Much to that gentleman's surprise there wasn't a trace of the disease left. Since then, you can be sure, Fields has had a fondness for open cars.

GARBO'S amazing indifference to what is said and written about her continues to stump completely even the people who work with her.

Recently, a member of the M-G-M publicity staff closest to the Swedish enigma, gathered together a flock of clippings of all the wild stories—that Greta had married ten husbands, that she had been raised as a boy, that she was the secret daughter of a Scandinavian king—all sorts of things. He thought Garbo would really react when she saw how her silence had been distorted. She ran through the clippings, and then looked up.

"You put these in?" she smiled sweetly.

CONNIE BENNETT is still dazed with it all. She met her temper-amental Waterloo in Robert Leonard, who directed her latest opus, still untitled. It was done by Leonard's mild, even and unruffled disposition. Nothing disturbs him. Thus, if a man isn't going to be conscious of fireworks, why set them off? So, after the first few days of the director's withering unconcern, Miss Bennett settled down to real cooperation and everything was sweetness and light.

GLORIA SWANSON'S matrimonial adventures threaten to make almost everyone in Hollywood an ex-brother-in-law or ex-sister-in-law to everyone else.

The last estranged Swansonian spouse, Michael Farmer, is said to have admitted in Europe he was "that way" about Jean Harlow and would like to have her boil his morning eggs—or words to that effect.

Swanson, Bennett and Harlow—ex-sisters-in-law. Beery, de la Falaise, Rosson and Farmer—ex-brothers-in-law. Wouldn't that be something?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Crooner in the courtroom! But this round of Rudy Vallee's separation battle with Fay Webb was postponed in New York, so one of his lawyers could go on a honeymoon!

It's a soft drink at that! Jackie Coogan, once a star, is just another college boy now, taking his girl to the corner soda fountain. The girl is Toby Wing. She and Mr. Coogan are "steadies" now

Sidney Fox used to be a dancer, and she says the training exercises she learned then still help her keep that slender figure. Sidney only tips the scales at ninety-eight. And she wears a size ten dress

Captain of the Actors' polo team, Rogers and teammate Spencer Tracy map plays for a game with the Producers. Frank Borzage, of the rival four, kneels to get an earful of their strategy

Will Outwits The Sexy Fellows

Why a homespun star tops all the romantic males at the box-office

By Thornton Sargent

WILL ROGERS—homely, homespun, and getting well on to fifty-five.

Outdrawing stars charged with sex-appeal like Clark Gable and Fredric March.

So say the motion picture theater owners of America. They confess they'll take Will Rogers in any kind of picture, good or bad, over any male star in the business. They ought to know. They are the gents who count your nickels as they roll through the box-office.

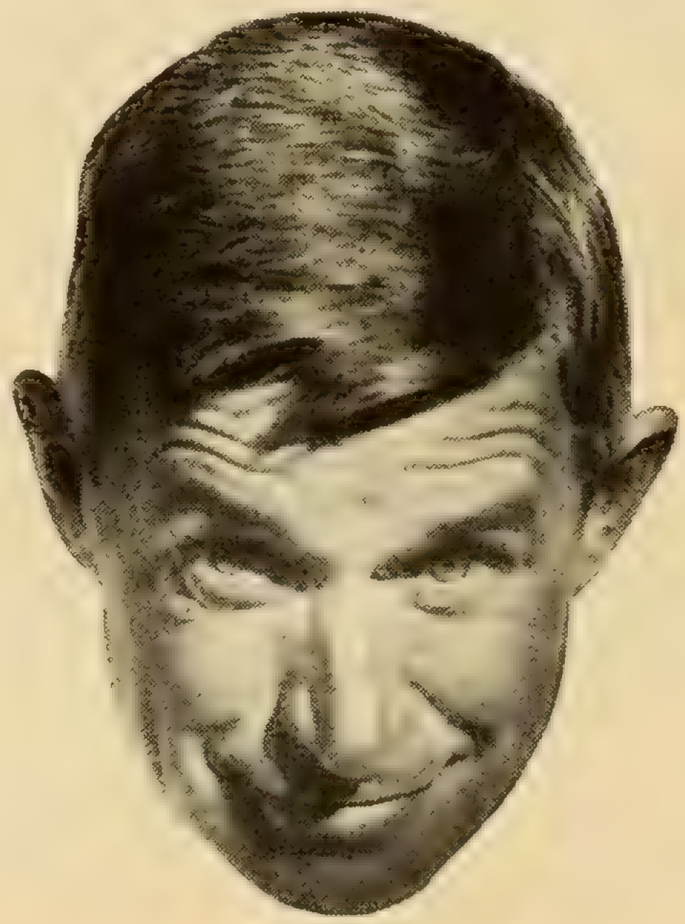
Seems strange—

Rogers never told the story of his love life. He's been married but once, and he's still working at it.

He's never revealed the great sorrow of his life, nor the great inspiration.

Then what kind of person is Will Rogers? What makes him tick—and click?

If you saw him in action and heard him talk, I think you'd agree with me—



he's just a typical American. The keynote of his character is naturalness. He keeps it, despite Hollywood, by his inherent love of meeting people.

"There's nothing like meeting people face to face," says Rogers of the many excursions he takes out of Hollywood. "It keeps you on edge, meeting new folks all the time."

The most popular of Hollywood stars of his sex, according to the theater men, Rogers is necessarily one of the best paid. He is said to receive a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a picture. He gets five thousand dollars for each radio broadcast and huge sums for writing.

And what Rogers makes he takes good care of. His personal fortune runs into the millions. "I've got a dollar for every joke I've told," he says.

He puts money where he can keep it—into real estate—and comments sagely: "At least I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

How to be Naughty But Nice

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald is the perfect example

In "The Merry Widow," with Chevalier, Jeanette is truly merry—not sophisticated and surfeited. Her American freshness excites and intrigues Europeans

By Reginald Taviner

IT takes a nice girl to be naughty—And a nice girl who is just naughty enough is so very, very nice.

That is precisely the opinion of at least two continents about Jeanette MacDonald. She has succeeded in combining in one personality the seemingly irreconcilable qualities which make her the typical ideal of sweet American womanhood and the darling of such sophisticated cities as London and Paris.

Every American mother would like to have her daughter as nice a girl as Jeanette. She radiates the fresh cleanliness, the vital charm and healthiness which is her American birthright. There is about her nothing of the vamp, of the adventuress, of the Old World sophisticate. It was Flo Ziegfeld who once said that if he had to typify *the* American Beauty, he could do it only with Jeanette MacDonald.

And yet Jeanette swept the Old World off its feet. She is amazingly popular all over Europe, particularly in places like Paris and Vienna, where an altogether different kind of charm is demanded of a woman. There she must pierce the worldliness of centuries by her piquancy, by her wit, by her appeal to a psychology utterly foreign to Americans. And in Europe they applauded, acclaimed and almost mobbed Jeanette.

The American shakes a girl's hand. The European kisses it. There, in a nutshell, is the vast difference between New World directness and Old World *finesse*—and how can the same girl appeal to both?

Jeanette MacDonald is the *Dollar Princess* and she is the *Merry Widow*. How can the centuries and the psychologies be bridged by the same girl? The *Dollar Princess* is one kind of a woman and the *Merry Widow* quite another, and yet, unlike Kipling's East and West, they do meet in Jeanette.

That's because Jeanette knows just how naughty to be while still remaining nice, and just how nice a girl has to be to get away with being naughty.

And that deliberately intriguing sparkle in her eyes, the sparkle that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Chevalier, Lubitsch, and Jeanette going over "The Merry Widow" scripts at a rehearsal. Lubitsch insisted on her for the title rôle, over Maurice's objections

Harold Lloyd Returns to Hollywood Via China

A CHINATOWN with authentic atmosphere moves in on Hollywood for Harold Lloyd's first picture in two years, "The Cat's-Paw," by Clarence Budington Kelland.

"The Cat's-Paw" is the first published story Lloyd ever purchased for production, and represents a new policy for him. He gets away from gag comedy, relying upon story situations.

Lloyd plays a young man who has grown up in China, where his father is a missionary. He returns to America, becomes involved in a political ring, and is elected mayor of a good-sized city. Members of the ring frame him to protect their interests. Harold, imbued with Oriental philosophy, attempts to meet his problem as a Chinese gentleman would. This leads to amusing situations.

Photo by Rhodes

And He Brings Us a New Type of Lloyd Comedy

The scene above shows Harold, in an ox cart, ready to leave the mission in a Chinese province and start on his journey to America. The missionary, standing in the doorway, is Alec B. Francis. On his left is Frederick Burt as *Keen Lung*, an influential Chinaman.

At the left of the picture, standing by the camera and wearing a fedora hat, is Director Sam Taylor. Behind him is Jack MacKenzie, cameraman. All the extras are Chinese. Before making the film, Lloyd studied two Chinese dialects. Chinese Nationalist government representatives helped on the Oriental sequences.

The supporting cast includes Una Merkel, Alan Dinehart, Grace Bradley, George Barbier, Nat Pendleton, Vince Barnett, Fuzzy Knight and Grant Mitchell.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., was born the year his father made his first motion picture, "Hiawatha." Junior and motion pictures grew up together

He replied: "Sometimes good, and sometimes not so good, like all boys."

Those were his exact words. I shall never forget them. I love them because they were the truth. Junior has never told me a lie. I think that is the greatest tribute he could pay me, for it means that I have his confidence. When children start lying to their parents, the parents have in some way destroyed the close personal relationship which should exist between them and their offspring.

You have the key, now, to Junior's character.

I am going to tell you a great deal more about him. But before I do so, I must set you aright on one important point.

So much has been written and has been said about my desire to have a son and to have him succeed me that my devotion to my daughter, Rosabelle, has been almost entirely overlooked by both press and public. This is, in a way, natural, for she is neither involved in nor at the head of a great studio, while Junior is.

I wish to say that in my heart she is not overlooked and I love her as deeply and as sincerely as I love my son.

"'All Quiet on the Western Front' brought international renown to Junior, to Universal and to myself"

"THE BOY"

The "grand old man of films" here presents a remarkable tribute to his brilliant son, who has followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father.
—The Editor

A FEW years ago, when I was still living in New York City, it became necessary for me to make a trip to the Pacific coast studios of my organization. It was a hurried visit and I had to leave at a moment's notice.

My son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., now in charge of production at Universal City, was then in school.

I was gone for five weeks. When I returned, I asked Junior if he had been a good boy.

By Carl Laemmle

President, Universal Pictures Corp.

Rosabelle was my first born. Junior came into the world in Chicago in 1908—April 28, to be exact. This was the year in which I made my first motion picture, "Hiawatha." Junior and motion pictures grew up together. I had always longed for a son to carry on, so his birth was a matter of gratification.

As the years passed, I watched both Junior and the motion picture industry grow and develop.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

LORETTA YOUNG is fascinating in a languorous mood—and, for that matter, in most any other mood. The girl with the dream in her eyes will be seen next in "Caravan," a Fox production. Her latest release is 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Loretta is under contract to M-G-M, but all the studios want to borrow her

Bert Longworth

RUBY KEELER is so pensive, and Al Dubin, the song writer, feels that way, too. You see, they are conjuring up inspiration — Ruby for a new tap step and Al for a fresh tune to go with it. In a minute, we'll bet, there'll be exultant activity all over the "Flirtation Walk" set at Warners. Cute rehearsal togs on Ruby, eh?

Ted Allan

IF the mirror doesn't lie, it's love — and very tricky camera work, withal. The charming lady is Myrna Loy, and the gentleman in the looking-glass is George Brent, who, if you must have your details, is standing to the rear and right of Myrna. Director Sam Wood sits down to direct this sequence from "Stamboul Quest," for M-G-M

lliam Walling, Jr

TOBY WING is all aglow with love at nineteen — an exciting and important experience! So important for Toby that she intends to wait until Jackie Coogan can ask her to wed (he'll be twenty in October). "Kiss and Make-Up" is the title of Toby's new Paramount picture, but she and Jackie don't have to make up. They don't even spat

Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia, on the set where Patsy is learning about movie production. Her father, the late Flo Ziegfeld (right) watched constantly for evidence of talent in Patsy

Child *of* Scorpio

It's in the stars for Patsy Ziegfeld to be an executive like her father, says Billie Burke

By Vera Ingersoll

WHETHER or not you believe in astrology, Billie Burke does. And that belief has guided her faith in her daughter's future. The actress, famous in her own right and as the wife of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, speaks here as the mother of the young, lovable and ambitious Patricia. Her words should be of great interest to any parent.

"Every girl in planning her career should ask herself the question: 'What after forty? How about my career then? Will I still have it, or will life be ended for me?' You see, forty comes. We never think it will, but it does—and what then? I'm asking Patsy that already. You see—she's got to face life, and I want her to do it just as young as possible. Before it hurts too much!"

Stern talk this, from one to whom life had turned so different a face at the very age the young Patricia is now—seventeen. At seventeen Billie Burke, blue-eyed daughter of the circus and stage, was already a toasted darling in London and New York music halls; Billie Burke curls were the rage of the hour.

Billie Burke and stodgy middle age—the two are a contradiction in terms. Billie Burke today, vibrantly slender, alert, poised, with her tawny hair still in ringlets—still young in spirit. She was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Their Horoscopes Say—Like Father, Like Daughter

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, born March 21, 1873, on the very cusp between Pisces and Aries, both of which signs exerted their influence on his active, high-powered career, the abrupt closing of which two years ago threw a shadow over all Make-Believe Land. A natural dreamer and artist, with the theater his medium of expression, he was endowed with exceptional executive capacity and powers of leadership to make his dreams come true. Together with strong love of the voluptuous, glowing and splendid, a powerful domestic taste is indicated, which explains his unbroken harmony both with wife and daughter. Also a sincere and wholesome enjoyment of the simple things of outdoors. This brings him doubly in harmony with his daughter's chart, and explains why Patsy, rather than her mother, was his constant comrade on his outdoor walks, rides and jaunts. The stars made the choice for him.

PATRICIA ZIEGFELD, born October 23, 1916, therefore a child of Scorpio, of whom it is said: "Your great love of rulership and demand for obedience can make you both dominating and domineering, unless you learn to govern it wisely. Fertile imagination and keen, analytical mind, with great ambition are shown. You have tenacity of purpose and tremendous will-power to help you toward any goal you may espouse." What will that goal be? In another five years we should know.

$10,000 *in* Prizes *for* "Anthony Adverse"

Cast Selections

GET in on this contest now! It's red hot—as hot as $10,000.00 IN PRIZES, plus the most thrilling romance of modern literature, can make it!

What's it all about? Why, PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures are INVITING YOU TO NAME THE CAST FOR THE MOST AMBITIOUS FILM PRODUCTION IN HISTORY—"ANTHONY ADVERSE."

A total of $10,000.00 in prizes for that fun? ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) PRIZES? Why—

Who is this *Anthony Adverse*, anyway?

Well, he's the adventurous lover of a royal purple and blood red age that Hervey Allen brought to life in his great novel published by Farrar & Rinehart and READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN A YEAR. And Warner Bros. Pictures will keep him alive in A GREAT MOTION PICTURE!

Anthony's recreated world is peopled with exciting men and women, and you are asked to think of them in terms of the most appropriate talent Hollywood has to offer, to make these absorbing creatures visible on the screen.

Postal Telegraph's far-flung facilities are making available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and which will also appear in the October issue. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart also are distributing these ballots, as are the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered below, but the best way to understand the characters is to read the book.

On page 80 you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15.

Full instructions about mailing them to PHOTOPLAY'S New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes!

The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You can have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a $700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody's pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from $300.00 to $25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America's finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxurious Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry-Kelly, that company's renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry-Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, appearing in "Here Comes the Navy," or Margaret Lindsay, who is so delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And what woman doesn't delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mojud Clari-phane hosiery. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year's wardrobe—all the very latest shades. They are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their "Screen-lite" shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue's electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when milady is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME! **SEND IN YOUR BALLOT NOW!**

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

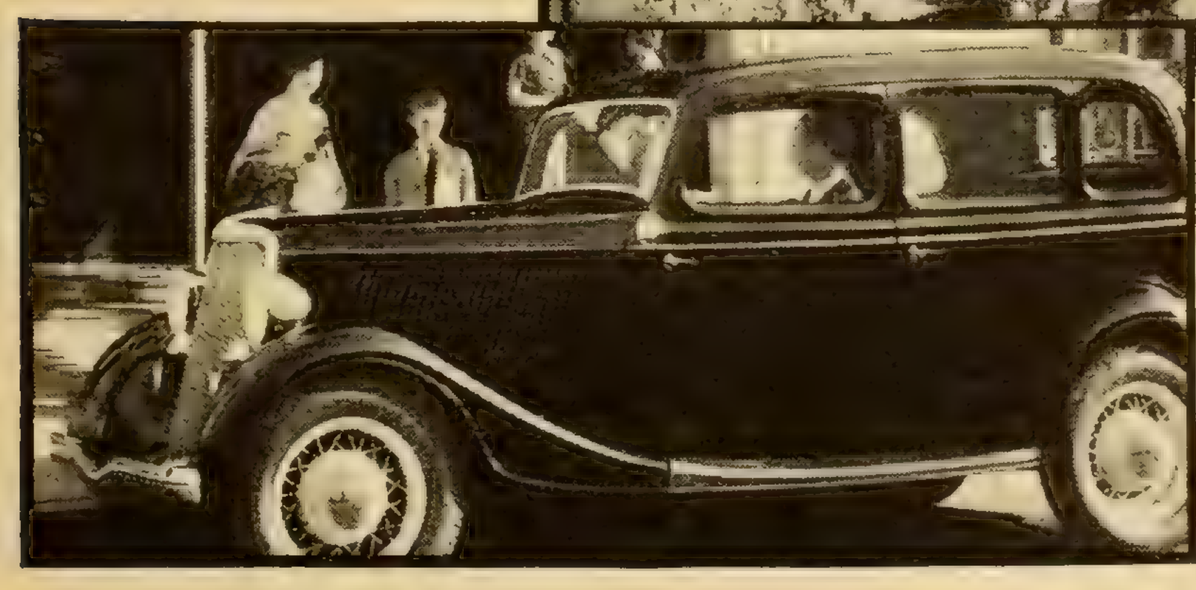
Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 46]

Margaret Lindsay in one of six prize gowns designed by Orry-Kelly of Warner Bros. and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc. They *are* lovely!

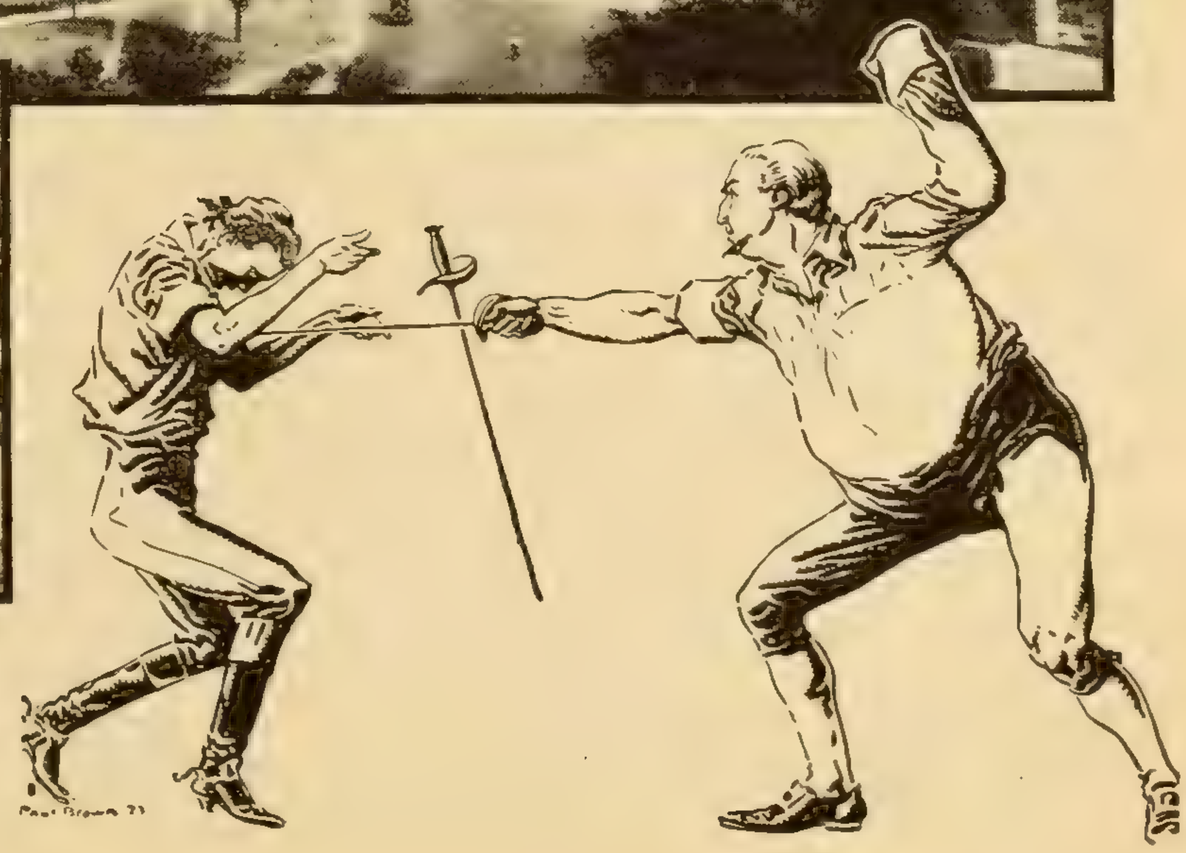
LOVE—"Anthony Adverse" is a thesaurus of love, one of the greatest romances of literature

Fly to the Fair! Ten contest winners will get round-trips to A Century of Progress in Chicago on United Air Liners

The luxurious, magnificently located Drake Hotel will accommodate those who win trips to the Chicago Fair. The Drake is the building on the right



The new Ford V-8 De Luxe Fordor Sedan. One of the five models from which the first five prize winners may make a choice



DARING— "Anthony Adverse" as an adventure story is not equaled in all the writings of our modern fiction

followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, aescetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissaint Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the $10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth $700.00.

Seventh prize—$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for may be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue on page 80 and which will appear in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY. Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. You may suggest actors and actresses under contract to either Warners or other companies here listed, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY will be duplicated in the October issue. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and will be published in the October issue. However, it will be greatly to your advantage, in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables — TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS — All America Cables

Mackay Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. **WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"?** A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MAY BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of **PHOTOPLAY** before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of prizes.

CLIP ON LINE

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

ANTHONY ADVERSE	1	NELETA	7
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	2	G. J. OUVRARD	8
CARLO CIBO	3	SENORITA DOLORES	9
BROTHER FRANCOIS	4	JOHN BONNYFEATHER	10
ANGELA GUESSIPPI	5	FAITH PALEOLOGUS	11
VINCENT NOLTE	6	DON LUIS	12

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of *Anthony*

Name _____ Address _____

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Orry-Kelly of Hollywood. Twenty prizes of Mojud Clari-phane stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Pre-Vue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING

The Lassoing

RAIN lashed at him. Cool, tantalizing, man-made rain.

Saturday afternoon on the M-G-M lot. A blazing sun outside. The dismal, dank atmosphere of war-torn France inside. Mud. Damp stage odors in still air. Gary Cooper flipped a cigarette. There was that mountain stream high up in the Sierras. He could make it in a little over two hours if they stopped work now.

"Cut," called the director. And another scene of "Today We Live" was in the box. "Nine o'clock Monday, everybody . . . Just a minute, Coop. How about joining us for a little deep sea fishing over the week-end? I've got the boat stocked up and we're leaving at four."

"Sorry. It's the mountains for me. Thanks—" He swung off and made a wide leap from the loading platform to the ground. Whew, it was hot enough to cook a cow's hoof! He'd forgotten the heat with that rain turned on. Already his wet clothes were steaming. The ocean suddenly became infinitely more attractive than a long, sizzling ride inland. "Hey!" he shouted to Howard Hawks, "Is that offer still open? Yea? Well, I'll be there . . ."

That's the way things happen. A rise in temperature and you make a casual decision that changes your life.

COOP didn't see her at first. It was dark in the companionway and as the slim yacht met the swells of the outer harbor, they lunged together.

"You seem to like my peach!" Her voice was gay, laughing. Coop took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. Darn it all, girls shouldn't eat peaches in dark places for a man to bump into. "'Scuse me," he mumbled and passed on. Probably she was the giggly kind. Or worse yet, a dizzy deb who thought everything was "too, too divine." Almost, he wished he hadn't come.

For romantic effect, one should always see a girl silhouetted against an ocean sunset, her dress gently whipped about her.

Gary saw her sprawled on her stomach in an unrelenting sun, wearing slacks that couldn't possibly be "gently whipped." There was a nice smudge on her nose. She didn't bother to notice him especially. She just said, "Find another peach?" in a lazy, amused way. He grinned. "Yea. Right now!" It was too good an opening to miss. Anyway, she was sort of cute . . .

"Want to shoot fish?"

It was steaming hot. The cool ocean beckoned Gary Cooper. He accepted the invitation to go fishing on Director Howard Hawks' yacht — and that decision changed his life

Of The Lone Cowboy

There were mixed-up meetings, and Veronica fitted into his moods. So Gary Cooper decided it was fate, and fell in love

By Jerry Lane

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

"Are you by any chance guying me?"

"No." Lord, didn't she even know you *could* shoot fish! She was pretty dumb about it, too. But game. Her technique in handling a gun would not exactly have sent old Joe back on the ranch into ecstasy. She let the shell nick her nose and the rebound sent her reeling against the taffrail. No whisper from her, though. She took it like a hardy old buster. Coop wiped the blood away. "Good sport," he said gruffly, because he was feeling rather queer himself. She was *all right*, this girl. You didn't find 'em like that every day in the week.

That night she was even better. By moonlight . . .

He had discovered a lot about her from Hawks by that time. He knew she was Veronica Balfe, daughter of the Social Registerites, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields of New York. That she had come West to visit her grandmother on the Balfe ranch near Fresno, and was at present a house guest of her uncle, Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio.

He learned, too, that she'd had a fling at a screen career under the name of Sandra Shaw.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Winny, the dappled gray mare on Coop's ranch, approved of the yacht girl, too. Rocky could ride — she could speak his language. So, before long, they spoke of marriage

☆ *HERE COMES THE NAVY—Warners*

PUNCHES! Thrills! Climax piling on climax, laid against the background of battleships and dirigibles in one of the best Cagney films to date.

Jimmy, a hard-headed riveter, sets out to satisfy a grudge against petty officer Pat O'Brien by joining the navy and eventually O'Brien's ship. Then he falls in love with the officer's sister, Gloria Stuart, and the war *is* on.

Transferred to the aircraft division, Cagney comes to the rescue of his enemy, O'Brien, who has been accidentally carried aloft on a dirigible rope. Of course Jimmy wins Gloria and a promotion, but his cockiness is never conquered. Frank McHugh adds to the fun as his buddy.

There is a snappy staccato in the dialogue, performances, and direction by Lloyd Bacon.

☆ *CLEOPATRA—Paramount*

LAVISHLY produced, with all the typical DeMille feasts and festivities, dancing girls and elaborate settings.

The story tells of *Cleopatra's* (Claudette Colbert) meeting with *Caesar* (Warren William) by way of a rolled rug, and her completely ensnaring him so that he decides to divorce his wife, marry *Cleopatra* and form an empire. His assassination leaves her at the mercy of his friend, *Antony* (Henry Wilcoxon), who also succumbs to her fatal charms, deserting his country, his army, his friends to be with her in Egypt.

Steadfastly, through doubts and fears, bribes and threats of war, they cling together and finally, defeated by Rome, they choose death in preference to slavery.

It is a passionate love story with thrilling effects. First-rate performances by the principals, and good support.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO-Radio*

SUPERB performances and a deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's outstanding novel make "Of Human Bondage" an unusually interesting picture. Not all of what Maugham had to say has been retained, but there's enough to make an enjoyable evening for adults in the theater.

The film benefits from the uniform skill of Leslie Howard, an amazing talent newly revealed by Bette Davis, the charm of Frances Dee, and the seasoned work of Reginald Owen, Alan Hale, Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. Lester Cohen, the scenarist, obviously understood and relished the book, and John Cromwell, the director, handled the bitter story with intelligence.

It *is* a bitter story, this one about the cripple, thwarted in his ambitions as an artist and trying to reconcile himself to the study of medicine, who gives himself wholly to a torturous, insistent love for a vicious and ungrateful trull. Kindly love is wasted on him so long as her spell persists, and his adoration goes wasted and derided.

Club-footed *Philip Carey* could very easily have been made just asinine and ridiculous by an actor lacking Howard's mentality and artistry.

Bette Davis, heretofore in none too conspicuous ingénue rôles, makes of *Mildred*, the London waitress, a remarkable study of unfaithfulness. The story is handled without offense to good taste.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

OF HUMAN BONDAGE
HERE COMES THE NAVY
SHOOT THE WORKS
HIS GREATEST GAMBLE
TREASURE ISLAND
CLEOPATRA
THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
SHE LOVES ME NOT

The Best Performances of the Month

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage"
Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage"
Wallace Beery in "Treasure Island"
Jackie Cooper in "Treasure Island"
Chic Sale in "Treasure Island"
Jimmy Cagney in "Here Comes the Navy"
Jack Oakie in "Shoot the Works"
W. C. Fields in "The Old-Fashioned Way"
Richard Dix in "His Greatest Gamble"
Marian Nixon in "We're Rich Again"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

☆ ***TREASURE ISLAND—M-G-M***

WITH a zip and a zoom, a gusto and a sturdy "yo, ho, ho!" this story of Treasure Island swings into action right at the start, carries thrills, chills, suspense and stirring drama right smack through to the heart-touching end.

It is a beautiful, moving, inspired and inspiring picture that will appeal not only to children, and have them right on the edge of the seat with enjoyment, but will do just about as much to adventure-loving adults.

It gives you a cheerful glow, a decided lift out of the run of ordinary things.

The picture stands the acid test of reality—meaning by that this—you find yourself taking part in the life of exciting adventure, quest of treasure trove; you feel the sting of the salt sea spume on your face in warm, tropical waters of a land of mystery and fascination. In other words, you live the rôles you see before you on the screen. You are taken out of yourself.

And it has such enjoyable characters as Lionel Barrymore as *Billy Bones*, Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins*, Wallace Beery as *Long John Silver*, Chic Sale as old *Ben Gunn*, and Otto Kruger as *Dr. Livesey*, and Nigel Bruce as *Squire Trelawney*.

All grandly entertaining. And grandly exhilarating.

The picture is a monument to Robert Louis Stevenson.

☆ ***SHOOT THE WORKS—Paramount***

THE heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch screen story as well, thanks to a grand array of well-cast players, good direction and sparkling lines.

Jack Oakie is the side-show barker who loves an actress, Dorothy Dell, but gambles away their love-inspired song hit, and her faith in him—and then watches Dorothy and his former employee, Ben Bernie, rise to greatness.

Just as Dorothy is about to marry a Broadway big shot, Oakie proves his love by sending a malicious gossip columnist to the hospital—and there's a grand reunion, with Jack all set for fame as a radio master of ceremonies.

The tragic note is the presence of Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody, both excellent, and both now in the land beyond.

☆ ***THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY—Paramount***

IT'S hard to tell whether W. C. Fields or Director William Beaudine should be credited with the paralyzing gags, situations and lines—but they're grand. Certainly the director should take a bow for casting the chain of chuckles without one weak link.

Fields, as *The Great McGonigle*, is entirely too classically comic to describe. You'll just have to see him.

The story is laid in the Nineties, and the *McGonigle* company's great opus, that antiquated "mellerdrammer" "The Drunkard," is presented with the entire original stage revival cast except with Fields as the dastardly villain.

With Joe Morrison, a valuable addition to the screen, Judith Allen takes care of the love interest. Baby LeRoy makes a few scenes miserable for his arch enemy, the star.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—RKO-Radio

PRESENTING a struggle between a life-loving father (Richard Dix) and a cold, convention-loving mother for the molding of a daughter's (Edith Fellows) character, this film has its moments of real emotional power. He kidnaps the child, but loses her to his wife when sent to prison. Years later, however, he escapes to aid the grown girl (Dorothy Wilson) and her lover (Bruce Cabot) to happiness.

☆

SHE LOVES ME NOT—Paramount

SMART treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as light, riotously funny entertainment. Fireworks fly when gangsters, movie producers and the law seek out Miriam Hopkins in Bing Crosby's college dormitory after a shooting in the night club where she works. And it is in this scene that Miriam uncorks to display a type of humor that will amaze you. Kitty Carlisle, Edward Nugent.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox

AND sailors learned about women in this fast, clean comedy that borders on lusty rowdiness. When gob Lew Ayres tries to get gay with cabaret singer Alice Faye in a Shanghai club, he finds plenty of opposition. They agree to be just pals, which, of course, leads to love. But that screamingly funny team, Mitchell and Durant, meddle in and mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine as a South American.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio

YOU'VE never seen such a merry marital madhouse. It all revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to millionaire Reginald Denny. There's a polo-playing grandma (Edna May Oliver) and her rowdy gang, Gloria Shea, who elopes with Buster Crabbe—and country cousin *Arabella* (Marian Nixon) who gets the millionaire in the end. Bouquets to Marian Nixon, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M

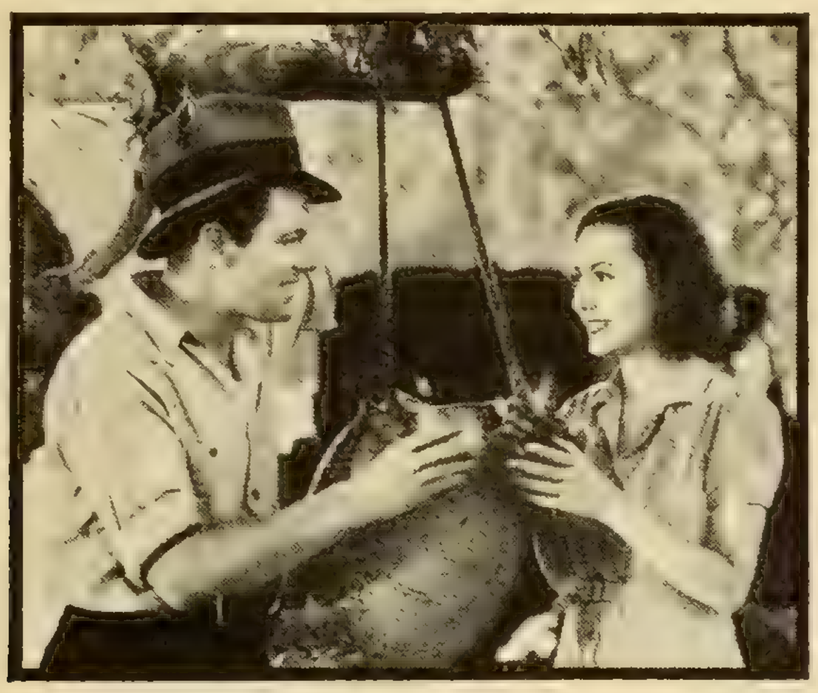
THE riot of thrills, laughs and nonsense will no doubt cover up any weak spots in the plot. Things happen when Mary Carlisle discovers she is a missing heiress and, with Una Merkel, sets out in a private car to meet her father. Charles Ruggles, a "crime deflector," and Russell Hardie add to the confusion. Climax is reached when the car is uncoupled and starts back down grade.

GRAND CANARY—Fox

AN intriguing beginning sags in the middle and fades out to a thin, sad end. The tale of a doctor who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, takes a ship to Santa Cruz, meets *Lady Mary Fielding* (Madge Evans) and finally recaptures his past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Warner Baxter wasted as the doctor. Barry Norton, Zita Johann, Marjorie Rambeau, Roger Imhof also in cast.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

OUR DAILY BREAD— United Artists



AFTER a lengthy absence from the screen, King Vidor returns with much of his old power to direct his original story of man's struggle with the soil. Frankly communistic, the film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Tom Keene and Karen Morley do well, while Barbara Pepper, a vest-pocket Jean Harlow, makes the male contingent sit up and take notice.

STAMBOUL QUEST— M-G-M

A SPY story that builds and lets down, but has its moments. As the compatriot of Mata Hari, who makes the mistake of falling in love, Myrna Loy is excellent. George Brent is the man. He is a most ingratiating American doctor who gets mixed up in German-Turkish intrigue. Lionel Atwill is his menacing best as head of the Secret Service. C. Henry Gordon is still our favorite villain. Sufficient suspense.

BACHELOR BAIT— RKO-Radio

DIVERTING comedy for the family. Stuart Erwin as *Wilbur Fess*, an honest but simple guy, is type-perfect. *Wilbur* is an idealist who wants to see everyone happily married. He loses his job at the marriage license bureau, and stumbles onto a matrimonial-agency scheme, "Romance, Inc.," which makes a fortune. Rochelle Hudson is the girl. Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher are an amusing team.

BABY TAKE A BOW— Fox

THAT incomparable child, Shirley Temple, saves the day with her natural charm and ability. It's the old story of the "stolen pearls." Jimmy Dunn, her jailbird dad, who is going straight, is accused of the theft, but Shirley rescues the "jools" and reaps the reward. Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor and Ray Walker are also in the cast, but everyone has to take a rear seat when baby takes a bow.

THE WORLD MOVES ON— Fox

MADELEINE CARROLL, English beauty, begins her American film career inauspiciously in this picture. A dozen threads of plot are picked up and broken in this prolonged opus. From a rather irrelevant duel in 1825, we are carried through the World War and the financial debacle of 1929, to a humble but snug harbor of today. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. Fair.

BLACK MOON— Columbia

IF you are in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, native drums and human sacrifice, this will prove fairly entertaining. Action takes place on a West Indies isle where secretary Fay Wray has been sent to accompany Jack Holt's wife and child (Cora Sue Collins). A sinister note rings all through.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

Women Must *Be Amused*

A sense of humor is essential to a successful lover

William Powell

tells

Ruth Rankin

"IF you keep putting out a product that bores the public, pretty soon you won't have any public," announced William Powell, fresh out of his swimming pool in a pair of ravishing red trunks.

"Same way with women. Have to keep 'em amused. Strangely enough, if you amuse them, they will amuse you. Because is there anything that keeps a man entertained better than listening to the sweet, appreciative laughter that follows his playful quips and droll sallies?" With which Bill took another head-on dive, to emerge dripping with protest this trip.

"But why ask me? Although highly flattered at the invitation, I must in all truth confess I am not qualified to speak."

"Go right ahead. You're doing handsomely—so far," I encouraged.

"But really—on account of having made two conspicuous failures at marriage, and . . ."

"Who said anything about marriage? We are discussing lovers, not husbands."

"Of course, there is a difference," Bill admitted, "although I strive to please in any capacity. When one meets with failure, *that* is the time a sense of humor is absolutely necessary in order to bound back.

"IF you expect to be caught on the rebound, you can't go around in mourning for your lost love. Not so that it shows on you, anyway.

"And it's not so easy. That's the time you have trouble just getting along with yourself. In my case, I wake up in the morning too mad even to talk to me. It is practically luncheon time before I can smile at that long, sour face the mirror gives back.

"So the next best thing to do is try to fall in love right away, and then you *have* to be pleasant. More than merely pleasant —you have to be agreeable, companionable, and amusing. And you certainly can't be any of those things without a sense of humor. Don't even try. It's just a waste of time.

"To get back to our premise—'a successful lover'—but with whom? People meet, they click, or they don't click. You can't do one thing about it if you don't hear that click, except smile gently and think 'better luck next time.'

"You need a sense of humor desperately when you take your best friend's wife to luncheon—and the telephone starts ringing the minute you get home. All the telephones ring, all over Hollywood, including your best friend's. Of course he knew all about it beforehand, because he encouraged it. But try and tell that to Hollywood."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

After two "conspicuous failures" as a husband, Powell has decided to "marry" a house instead of a woman. It may be more permanent

Guessing Time for GARBO

By Kirtley Baskette

Her Highness' contract ends soon. And new mystery envelops Greta's future

IT'S open season for Garbo-guessing in Hollywood. Anyone can play. All you have to do is guess what the mystic daughter of Sweden is going to do after she finishes her next picture, Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil."

Because, when that picture is finished, Garbo's contract with M-G-M is finished. She'll be as free as the air, to do what she pleases, to go where she wants. Already the cameras are grinding well along—in a few days she will have her freedom.

"Queen Christina" did not meet with the expected reception. And Greta's M-G-M pact ends with "The Painted Veil"

Garbo as she appeared in her first American picture, "The Torrent." M-G-M made this Ibanez story in 1925

Will she quit Hollywood and the screen—cold? Will she embark on a new lap of her screen career, or stride silently and swiftly to the gangplank of a steamer and sail for Sweden and the impregnable seclusion which she apparently treasures so much?

Will she make her own pictures in Sweden; will she marry; will she vanish in a cloud of blue smoke; will she run for Congress in the Fall elections?

Nobody knows just what the star will decide to do.

That's why the guessing is hot, hectic and heavy right now. At the present writing, Louis B. Mayer, who signs Garbo's pay checks, is as much in the dark as "Slickum," the studio bootblack.

Maybe Garbo is guessing herself—who knows?

And perhaps she has reason at that—for circumstances are of a different complexion than those which surrounded the last great Greta speculative spree.

You'll remember, that took place [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

At the height of her glory—Garbo and John Gilbert. Now a dozen stars surpass her as box-office magnets

Reduce Those Hips,

You have one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen. (Don't fall over dead at hearing Sylvia give such an unreserved compliment. You should know, by now, that I never say anything I don't mean. That's the way I am.) When I see something I admire I've got to spill over about it. And I certainly admire your face. It has an exquisite ethereal quality all its own. You look as if you came from another world. You really look like an angel. But, oh honey! what a plump little angel you are!

People, watching your pictures in theaters, gasp when they see you in a close-up, because you're so beautiful. I gasp when I see how much there is of you in long-shots!

Yes, Evelyn, you're ethereal. But you won't be for long if you keep putting on weight. When I saw "Double Door," all around me people were saying, "My! Isn't she getting heavy!" The excess showed up in those tight costumes.

Look at yourself. What do you think of your upper arms? They could do with a little taking down, couldn't they? And how about the hips? You could spare a bit off them, too, and it wouldn't be any sacrifice. As for your legs—I don't know, but I've got an opinion.

I notice that the costume

DEAR EVELYN: Oh, baby, I've got some wonderful news for you!

The other day I was thinking about you—and you're the type of person who has such a lovely face that once you're seen, you're hard to forget. So, while thinking about you, I evolved two absolutely brand-new exercises. I could have written them out and stuck them in an envelope and sent them to your Hollywood address. But—even if I do say it myself—they're such grand exercises that I want all the girls who read PHOTOPLAY to have the benefit of them.

They're just for you, Evelyn Venable, but I'm sure you won't mind sharing them with other girls and women who need them. Besides, ever since I first started seeing you on the screen, I've wanted to tell you a few things.

Evelyn Venable is lovely—but no girl can be ethereal if she's plump! Sylvia detects a marring curve along the upper leg when Evelyn sits down. Now well-designed clothes hide it. But Sylvia says Evelyn must exercise it off for true beauty and protection

Sylvia

Legs *and* Arms!

designers are always careful to make your dresses ankle length—even when you're not in a costume picture. That just makes *me* suspicious. I can judge, from the rest of your figure, that you could lose something off your legs. And when you sit down and your skirt clings to you, my eagle eye detects a curve that shouldn't be on your upper leg.

So, because I dislike fat so much and because I think you can do so much more justice to your face by shaving off your body, I created some new exercises for you. Raise your right hand and swear you'll do just what I tell you. And I'll raise my right hand and swear you won't regret it!

First of all I want to give you that hip exercise, because it's so new and I'm so crazy about the things it will accomplish.

Feeling that Evelyn should reduce hips and legs, Sylvia created two exercises to meet these special needs

With Kent Taylor in "Double Door," Evelyn was beautiful. But Sylvia says her facial beauty will be enhanced if she reduces her upper arms. It will take only a week

Sylvia says if Evelyn Venable, with her pretty face, follows this advice she will have all Hollywood envious of her charm

Stand with your arms at your sides and your feet straight ahead. Now turn your right foot so that the toe is pointing due left and the heel due right. Raise your arms above your head. Stretch your left foot as far back as you can make it go (bending your right knee). Now your feet will be about three feet apart. With arms still above your head, turn your body, twisting at the hips, and slowly touch the floor with your fingers as far to the right as they will go.

Baby, you can feel a pulling in your hips such as you've never felt before. The first time you try it, it will nearly kill you and you'll be cussing me out. (Well, maybe *you* won't, Evelyn, because I understand that you're a ladylike girl who doesn't use profanity. But some of the rest of the girls who try this one will start hurling words at my head. And the funny part is, I won't care—if they'll just do the exercise.)

When you've done that as I've described, reverse the process and put your left foot in the forward position and your right foot back, twisting and touching your fingers to the floor on the left side.

Do this five times on the left and five times on the right. That will be about all you can take at first. But do it every day. You'll be tired and sore until the fat starts breaking away. But don't mind that. You know [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

Mitzi, in the middle, Grace Bradley, in the light dress, and Mary Carlisle go for sweets in a big way

Proprietresses may protest, but these girls pack their own candy. It has to be done just so

Rubbing Elbows With The Stars

Another Mitzi Cummings Letter

MITZI is a Hollywood girl who knows her home town's celebrities intimately. Blithely she skips from studio to party, from one famous personality's home to another.

Her letters to her friend Joan appear every month in PHOTOPLAY. *They are spicy and revealing; sometimes a bit audacious, but never without gay humor.*

GREETINGS, JOAN: You shameless hussy, you! Basking in the delight of a vacation and asking me, sweating away at my work, to write you all the news. Spoiled, that's what you are. Oh well, I'm a weak woman when it comes to friendship, so here I go . . . off to the races!

Let's begin with these candy-and-cake making Samson sisters, whose maple fudge alone is guaranteed to chuck your strongest resolutions helter-skelter. The Samsons do a lot of candy-making for the movie colony.

Craving free samples, I went to their little white cottage. Mary Carlisle and Grace Bradley, covered with chocolate goo from toe to top, greeted me gaily. They were packing their own boxes. The pleas from the proprietresses meant nothing to those pretty souls. They were having the time of their lives and nobody but little Mary and Grace was going to place their candy. "No packee . . . no buyee!" Mary laughed, and tossed me a chocolate cream. So I joined in the packing.

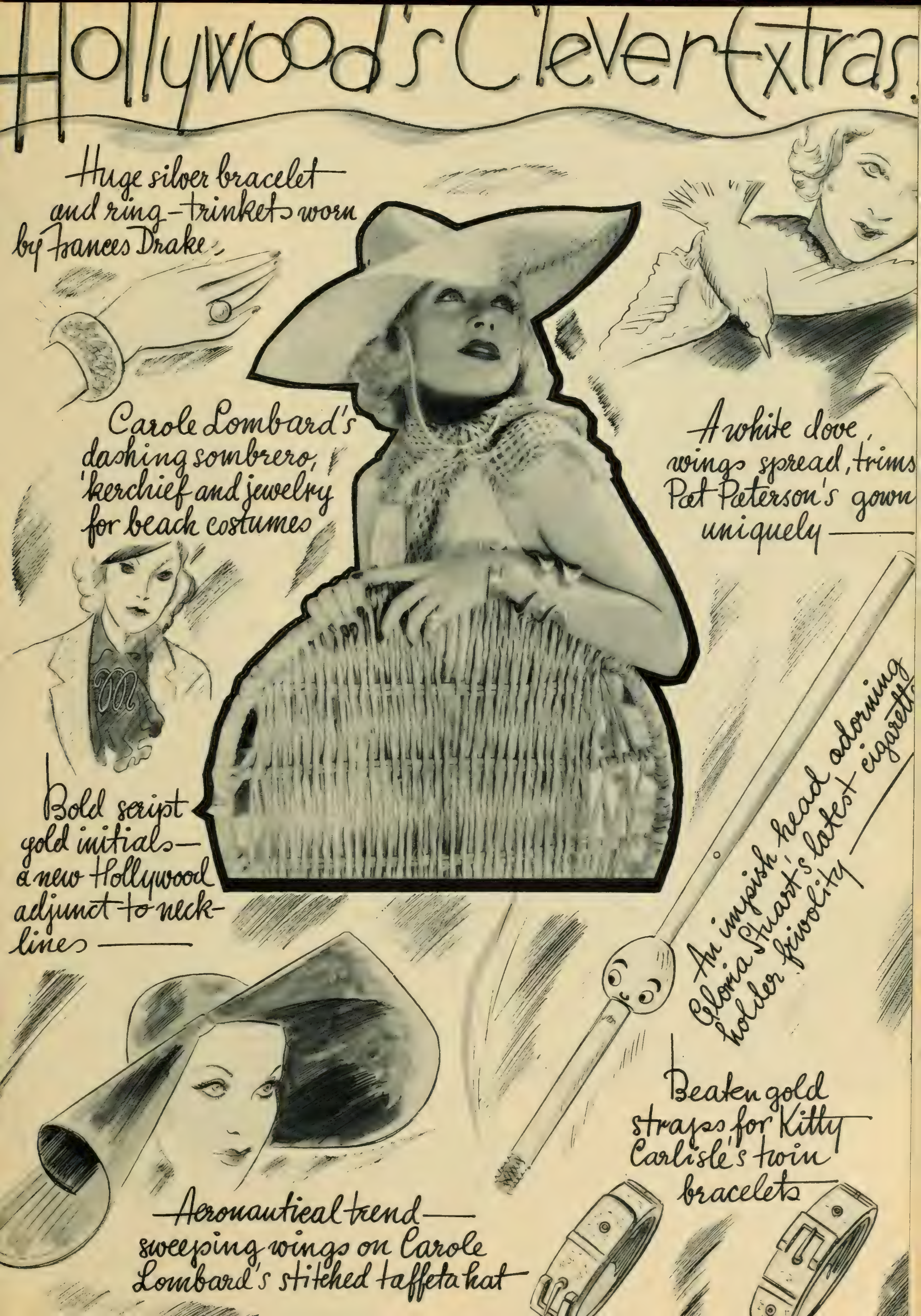
The phone rang. It was Constance Bennett who wanted a couple of pounds of almond caramels. "Good and chewy," she stressed.

Joan, that's life for you. To gain a single ounce this Bennett woman not only eats candy, but whipped cream desserts, big Yorkshire puddings, double helpings of mashed potatoes, juicy steaks, et als. Grimly I masticated the chocolate cream. Go on, hips, I dare you!

EVERY time I've gone to the movies lately I've run into one of our brighter lights doing something amusing.

First time it was Maurice Chevalier. I went to the theater alone one night. Dark glasses were on my *retroussé* nose (take it or leave it!) because I'd been sitting around on a set too long and got my blinkers sore. It was the middle of a picture so I sneaked in and took [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Hollywood's Clever Extras



Woolens In Interesting Fall Guises

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

COATS will have a lot of back interest this coming season. Royer has anticipated this trend in the striped wool coat which he has created for Peggy Wood to wear in "Handy Andy." An inset belt extends across the back only and a bloused effect is achieved between the shoulder yoke and this belt. The front of the coat is made with self-fringed revers, a scarf to match the crepe dress being drawn through buttonholes on each side. Note the sleeve fullness

— Seymour

ANOTHER Royer costume for Peggy Wood combines two shades of woolen with great success. The dark monotone forms the body of the dress, extending up over the shoulders in front and back. The light patterned woolen forms sleeves and a deep section set in under armholes. Clips and a small collar are the only trimming

AN unusual version of the wide rever gives a new look to Drue Leyton's suit jacket in the picture above. The revers are set away from the closing instead of being a part of it. And the front hooks half way down in lieu of buttons. A collar of the blouse material is worn over the jacket. Woolen hat to match. A Royer design worn in "Charlie Chan's Courage"

Satin, Crepe and Velvet for Fall

— Seymour

WOULD you imagine that Kay's gown had such a daring backless treatment? The wing detail is repeated and the grapes are used again for a large clip effect

WING-LIKE pieces jutting from the bodice of this black satin gown suggest a new fall silhouette. Walter Plunkett created it for Kay Johnson to wear in a scene from "Afterwards." The shoulder straps are held to the bodice by clusters of green grapes. As you can see, the skirt is very high waisted and slender to the point where a wide train sweeps out gracefully at the back

A PETAL motif is the clever theme stressed in both trimming and seaming of this gown Julie Haydon wears in "Afterwards." It is a regal gown in aquamarine crepe with a full train fanning out at back. The petals are graduated and stitched, the deeper ones forming a slight shoulder covering. A back view of the gown is shown at right. Plunkett design

CINNAMON velvet and antique gold lamé make a rich medium for this evening gown which Royer has designed for Peggy Wood. Worn in a scene from "Handy Andy," its silhouette and detail are typical of the new season's luxurious formality. The lamé bodice is Grecian in feeling with its soft drapery. The high waisted velvet skirt is quite slender through the hips

College Tips In Two New Pictures

— Seymour

/OU who are shopping with an eye to college ust take a good look at his suit which Diana Vynyard wears in "One More River." You'll find any travel and campus ses for it. A mixed tweed cket tops a monotone oolen skirt. Diana's nit sweater is the same olor as the skirt, as is the nusual felt hat with roll rim and creased crown

N this scene with Cary Grant, at right, you see e back detail and cuff eatment of Helen Mack's nart dress. Grosgrain bbon lacing at the back nd crystal ball cuff links

TRAVIS BANTON has used the popular shirtwaist theme for a simple little gray wool frock worn by Helen Mack in "Kiss and Make-Up." It's a grand campus dress, tailored and wears well. Grosgrain ribbon laces the bodice which has inverted pleat fullness. Stitching is used to suggest a belt line for the straight skirt. Smart detail

Russell Ball

JEAN PARKER has the most beautiful figure to be seen in Hollywood, according to no less an authority than Mme. Sylvia. Here is Jean, posing, we may presume, as the Spirit of Athletics—hurling the discus, flinging the javelin, and taking off for a standing broad jump. All very Grecian, except the bathing suit, which runs more along the lines of West Coast beach 1934 models. Miss Parker's newest picture for M-G-M is "Operator 13," and she has been loaned to Fox for a leading rôle in "Caravan"

Don English

MAE WEST makes a glorious, if somewhat buxom, rosebud in all her floral finery for a burlesque show scene in "It Ain't No Sin." Not a thorn in sight, and surely Mae couldn't conceal one in that gown. She is known as "the American Beauty" in her new Paramount picture, which takes us back to the curves and capers of the Naughty Nineties

THE Man You Want

Mae West Gives You His Number

Reported by
Helen Harrison

There are only three types of men, says Mae, which greatly simplifies the picking for you girls. (What she is writing is just an invitation to "come up")

"SEX and me," says Mae West, "have a lot in common. I don't want to take any credit for inventing it—but I may say, in my own modest way, and in a manner of speakin'—that I *have* discovered it!"

Who can doubt it?

When Mae West talks on love it behooves all you smart girls and boys to lend thine ear to a bit of a load of wisdom—and so the microphone goes to the lady with the golden hair, the provocative eyes, the curvilinear torso and the undulating hips!

"I don't need a psychologist to tell me what a man's thinkin' when we been dancing and he suddenly suggests a walk in the garden under a full yellow moon. If he's good-lookin', normal and in full possession of his faculties, it's a cinch he's goin' to want to take me in his arms and kiss me. I'd be worried about him if he didn't—think about it. Of course, I may have ideas of my own. And just because a girl has a come-on look doesn't mean that every man she dances with is good for a kiss.

"You may recall that in my pictures there are very few kisses. Remember 'way back to 'She Done Him Wrong' and 'I'm No Angel'? The same goes for 'It Ain't No Sin.' But when I kiss I mean it—as far as the story goes — and that brings me to a phrase that I've used often in pictures—but oftener in life: 'Is he or is he not *just my type?*'

"That's what you've got to ask yourself before you go into a clinch—and let a lot of heartaches meet you more than half-way.

"And just what *is* your type — bein' that I'm talkin' about you today. There's been plenty of talk about me. There'll be more. . . .

"It's up to every woman to find out just what her type is. I've been around and I've noticed that 'Marry in haste, repent in Reno' is something more than a railroad man's dream. But don't worry — I'm not goin' to preach to you. Everyone has the right to run his own love life—even if you're headin' for a crash. What I'm against is blind flyin'.

"You can take six men—or leave 'em—or six million men, but you'll find out there are only three types. There's the 'sweetheart' type, the 'father' type and the 'lover' type. One of 'em is *your* type. But only one—that's why you find women marryin' four or five times, pickin' out men who seem just about alike, except, perhaps, for their looks (sometimes they even look alike!). And the reason is that they just don't know they've started in with the wrong type (for them), and they go on and on, makin' the same mistake over and over again.

"The best way to get to know your type is to find out what kind of a person *you* really are! Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Mae's Love Proverbs

A girl whose curves are knockouts has been known to win on points!

Tall, dark 'n' handsome—remember, women have a weakness for strong men!

Love is sweet madness—and many a woman's crazy to get married!

The harder a girl is to get—the easier she finds it is to get 'em!

A woman in love can't be reasonable—or she probably wouldn't be in love!

Men, marrying for a helpmate, often find they've picked a mismate!

When a man starts to alibi he usually has a pretty good reason for it—a blonde or brunette!

A man in love is like a clipped coupon—it's time to cash in!

Men are all alike—except the one *you've* met who's different!

Many a man picks up a girl—only to fall himself!

Men admire devotion in their wives—beauty in other women!

$500.00 *in Prizes*

Movie Fill-in Contest

NOW you may complete your three sets of solutions to the exciting, fascinating PHOTOPLAY "Movie Fill-in" Contest. The game draws near the end—and hasn't it been fun? But, if you haven't already started, there's still time for you to enter the contest. It closes at midnight, September 10th.

All you need do to have a grand time, and perhaps win one of the prizes totaling $500.00 in cash, is fill in the solution ballots appearing in the July and August issues, and this September issue of PHOTOPLAY, and send them in. You'll find full instructions for arranging and mailing your entries in the rules printed on the bottom of this page.

How well do you know your movies, your stars and their backgrounds? Here's a chance to test yourself. You will get a world of enjoyment out of it. And couldn't you use the money?

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballots provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each *single dash* represents a *single letter* and the total *number of dashes* gives, in each instance, the *total number of letters* in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the *blank spaces*. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _ _ _[1] _ _ _ _ _[2] _ _ in some short comedies called "_ _ _ _[3] _ _ _ _ _ _[4] _ _." _ _[5] _ _ _ _ _[6] _ _ _ is now married to a screen player whose name is _ _[7] _ _.

CLUES	ANSWERS
1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel	Harold
2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier	Lloyd (*Lloyd*-George)
3. A solitary state	Lonesome
4. One of the Apostles	Luke
5. The first two letters mean *to exist*: the second two letters also, *to exist*	Bebe
6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name	Daniels
7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den	Lyon

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize	**$125.00**
Second Prize	**75.00**
Third Prize	**50.00**
Fourth Prize	**25.00**
Ten Prizes of $10 each	**100.00**
Twenty-five Prizes of $5 each	**125.00**

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine has published "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing appears in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

1. Harold
2. Lloyd
3. Lonesome

4. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," for July, August and September. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage. Spell "Fill-ins" the *commonly accepted way*, according to Webster's and Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

8. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

9. In the case of ties for any one of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR SEPTEMBER

One of the most rapidly progressing stars of the day is the charming brunette, ___[1]___ __[2]__ __[3]__. Two of the pictures which brought her back to fame and fortune are "___[4]___ __[5]__ __[6]__ __[7]__" and "___[8]___ __[9]__." The first title contains her own name.

A couple in Hollywood have separated and divorced, but neither ___[10]___ ___[11]___ nor ___[12]___ ___[13]___ permit that to spoil mutual respect. One of his recent releases is "__[14]__ __[15]__ __[16]__."

A prominent producer is sure that when "__[17]__ __[18]__ __[19]__ ___[20]___" has its full run, __[21]__ _____[22]_____ will be recognized as one of the foremost feminine stars. A young blonde is forging to the front. Her first triumph of this year was "____[23]____ ___[24]___," and now ___[25]___ ___[26]___ is well on her way to stellar honors. Another blonde who is carrying the high expectations of another studio is __[27]__ __[28]__. Some gentlemen still like them, a little!

An actor born in England, __[29]__ __[30]__, and married to an American actress whose first name is ____[31]____, is on the up-grade.

With each picture, the voice of __[32]__ ___[33]___ improves. This star may go operatic. He was most impressive in "__[34]__ _____[35]_____," playing opposite ___[36]___ ___[37]___.

An actor who overcame the handicap of his resemblance to another star, and is now popular in his own right, is ___[38]___ ___[39]___.

The question now being asked of ____[40]____ ___[41]___ is whether or not she intends to live up to the title of her picture, "____[42]____," or be a good girl and act otherwise.

A foreign star in the midst of a severe crisis in her American career is ___[43]___ ____[44]____. The man who "discovered" her in Europe, and made her famous over here, now gets the blame for blotching her career. Well, life must have its little ironies. But aren't you glad that __[45]__ ___[46]___, who got in trouble in Mexico, survived his difficulties and is still a Hollywood top-notcher?

One of the proudest of Hollywood's young fathers is ___[47]___ __[48]__. And Jobyna says he has a perfect right to be. . . . And so we wish you good luck!

CLUES

FOR SEPTEMBER

1. The first five letters, *sorrow*, the last two letters, *plural suffix.*
2. A glen.
3. The popular name for a South American city.
4. Motion through the air.
5. Toward a lower level.
6. A preposition.
7. The popular designation of a South American city.
8. To marvel.
9. To obstruct.
10. The first name of an English King called "The Conqueror."
11. The first two letters, *a river in Italy*, last four letters, *healthy.*
12. To sing.
13. A banker or money lender.
14. Definite article.
15. Skinny.
16. An adult male person.
17. The whole.
18. Adult males. Plural.
19. Plural present indicative of *be.*
20. Hostile persons.
21. A glorious beauty of Troy.
22. The first six letters, *a number below twenty*, last five letters, *a perennial woody plant having a self-supporting trunk. Plural.*
23. Having reached the end.
24. A place of learning.
25. A spicy plant.
26. The last name of a famous American humorist.
27. A very thin cigar; a stogie.
28. A part of an airplane.
29. These four letters have the sound of a word meaning *to tote.*
30. A Civil War general.
31. One of the Southern States.
32. A pile or heap.
33. The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning *out of* humor, the remaining two letters mean *past.*
34. The act of departing.
35. The first five letters, *a Christmas shrub*, final four letters, *the hard, solid part between the pith and bark of a tree.*
36. The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning *to wed*, the remaining two letters mean *upon.*
37. The first two letters have the sound of a word meaning *the opposite of night*, the last four letters mean, *strives for superiority.*
38. The first three letters, *conflict*, the remaining three letters have the sound of a word which names *a small bird.*
39. The first name of a King called "————————of Orange."
40. The first name of the author of "Young Man of Manhattan."
41. The first three letters, *the fruit of the wild dogrose*, the last four letters, *to destroy by fire.*
42. The first four letters, *saliva*, last four letters, *to explode.*
43. The first four letters, *an earthy deposit containing lime*, last three letters (capitalized) stand for *east-northeast.*
44. The first four letters, *a regulated course of eating*, the remaining four letters mean *wealthy.*
45. A Confederate general.
46. The first three letters have the sound of a word meaning *a shallow utensil* with raised edges, last two letters, *a man's nickname.*
47. The first three letters, *a suffix—jurisdiction*, the remaining four letters, *not soft.*
48. The name of the author of "The Green Hat."

September Movie "Fill-in" Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	47
16	32	48

The Smile *That Hides* A Tear

By Sara Hamilton

The rarest of all things in Hollywood is a new type, and that's exactly what Mady is. Miss Christians, famous abroad, no stranger to New York, now feels that she can carry on in her beloved father's place in pictures

SHE is known as the actress who didn't want to come to Hollywood, that Mecca of golden dreams and golden shekels that beckons to every artist, writer and performer in the whole world.

She is a girl who loved acting, wanted to express herself in pictures, to release the constant urge of self-expression that flowed in her veins from a famous actor-father.

And yet the years rolled by, pictures grew in importance, and still Mady Christians didn't come.

There was a bitter reason, too. Back in the days when Eric Von Stroheim was making "Foolish Wives," he brought from Germany its most famous actor, Rudolph Christians, for one of the rôles. A world famous actor was Christians, known and loved in Moscow, Vienna, New York, Berlin and London. In Berlin, Christians' wife and daughter, Mady, were waiting for him to complete his picture and hurry back to them.

"Only two more weeks," Mady, who was then attending Max Reinhardt's School of the Theater, would say. "I've been promised the rôle of *Portia* and I can't wait till father sees me. It will be the greatest thrill of my life." But he never did see his daughter's *Portia*.

The day he finished his part, he died in Hollywood. Suddenly, without a chance to send a word to his loved ones.

The news was a blow, not only to Mady, a young girl on the threshold of her career, but to the entire theater-loving world.

MADY couldn't bear the thought of coming to a place that had robbed her of her father. For years she held out, and then, as the pain lessened and Hollywood claimed so many of her co-workers back in Germany and in New York, she relented.

The day she arrived she clutched firmly in her hand a slip of paper. She couldn't even bear to trust it in her purse. It bore the address of the place where her father had lived and died. Before she saw any of her friends, she stopped off quietly to look for the little cottage he had written them about.

But it was gone. Time and Hollywood had marched on since those old days of silent pictures. The village had become a brisk little city. There were none of the palms and pepper trees her father had described to them. The lazy, lovely little street, shadowed by overhanging pepper trees which she had expected to find, was no more. It had become a busy avenue, with shops and office buildings, and a huge new theater. And directly behind the theater, where once the pretty little cottage she was looking for had stood, was a crowded parking station.

And yet Mady Christians [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Mady Christians is one foreign star who shunned Hollywood, because it robbed her of a loved one. But at last she came, and isn't sorry

Hollywood Buys A Duck

The purchase might have been made long ago, for less money. But nobody wanted Joe Penner then

By Mildred Mastin

QUACK, quack, quack!

Wanna buy a duck?

Joe Penner has been asking that question for the last nine years! Lots of people laughed. But nobody bought — until a few months ago.

Wanna buy a duck?

The answer, coming from Hollywood, is "To be sure, to be sure."

And the price being paid for the first "duck" Joe delivers is seventy-five thousand dollars. He's getting it from Paramount for a picture to be called "College Rhythm."

Hollywood could have bought this duck long ago —for much less money. As a matter of fact, four years ago Penner made a series of comedies in the East. But the movie people paid little attention to them. Recently, when these comedies were released again in the wake of his radio popularity, they packed the theaters and brought down the houses, in spite of their out-dated gags and old technique.

With his bird in a basket, the world's greatest duck salesman left for the Coast. Joe and his wife, Eleanor (left) say they aren't afraid of the Hollywood marriage jinx

But four years ago Hollywood considered him just another slapstick comedian the movies didn't want. Until very recently, nobody anywhere ever wanted Joe Penner very much.

Nobody wanted him when, a youngster in a Detroit picture house, he performed on "amateur night." They thought he was terrible! Afterwards, when he batted around for years, from cheap vaudeville to burlesque and small town musicals, nobody was eager to sign him up.

He was appearing in movie houses on stage show programs when his first real break came along, less than a year ago. It was in radio. He didn't want to take it. Rudy Vallee made him the offer. Wanted Joe on one of his broadcasts.

"Aw, Rudy, I don't wanna," Joe begged off, "I wouldn't be any good on the air. I'd flop. My stuff depends on pantomime—my cigar, gestures, bouncing my hat. That stuff is no good on the air. Besides, talking before a mike is like talking to a brick wall. I gotta have people around. I *ad lib*, you know. I *hate* radio!"

"But, Joe, on my hour you'll have people out in front. We broadcast before an audience."

It took a lot of persuasion, but Penner finally agreed to appear on the program.

"I tried not to think about the mike and that I was broadcasting," Joe says. "I kept my [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

Expressive moods in Drue Leyton. The sincerity and tranquillity that invite trust and confidence — and —

Here is Drue's face dramatized by rapt eagerness, lifted eyes, parted lips, all magnets for attention

WHAT is the magic that Hollywood works on the faces of the stars? Many a nice-looking girl has gone to Hollywood to emerge on the screen a glorious, appealing person. Hollywood wields a potent lipstick and a telling eyebrow pencil. But that is not all of the trick. Hollywood knows the art of dramatization. It knows that all the make-up in the world won't do that *legerdemain* alone. It knows that a keen eye and a deft hand are needed, but more than those, a sense of the dramatic.

Hollywood has done such a thorough job on the blondes alone that the whole country is blonde-conscious. Given a choice, many of us would choose golden locks in preference to bronze or black. And because this art of making the blonde picturesque is a very definite job and quite different from glorifying the brunette, I concentrate on the golden lilies this time. But the brunettes will have their turn later.

There are just three facial points that we may depend upon for theatrical value, and this is as true of you or me as of the stars. Those points are eyes, lips and hair.

Let's begin at the top and think of hair. If you are blonde, Hollywood would like to make you a little blonder, and that is for the sake of contrast in photography. If you are blonde, Hollywood would probably curl your hair, because in pictures at least you get more design. But that idea works just as well for the average girl, because curling gives you a sense of fluffiness which you always think of in connection with light hair. Light hair suggests a child; curls suggest an angel. And an unbeatable combination for beauty, that is, when hair is the right shade and curled properly. Carole Lombard and Bette Davis are two blondes whose hair is lovely either curled or straight.

But even when you are blonde and curled, Hollywood isn't done with your hair. Not by a long shot. Arrangement is the next consideration. It must be orderly; the design must be definite, and in most cases you must have a clear face-line, untouched by dabs and loops of hair. With the exception of feathery bangs, every player on this page has a cameo face-line. Do remember this, for it's very important for your best effect. You can create almost any illusion you wish by the arrangement of your hair.

I admit that most of us are limited in daytime by good taste and the flat-crowned, saucer type of hat. But by night, you can put that hair as high or low as you please; you can copy Claire Trevor's intriguing bangs, you can do a dozen and one things. There are so many things to do that

"A pretty, sweet young girl," you might remark of this photograph of Claire Trevor. "As a girl should be"

Interesting, what even a change in hair can do to color your whole appeal. Bangs make Claire more poetic

Pat Paterson as she generally wears her hair. Nice, conventional style for many a girl. All you can say!

DRAMATIZING THE BLONDE

you need never look just like the girl next to you, and yet you will be lovely and chic. The hatless hair fashion becomes more elastic all the time. So long as the arrangement is right for you, it's right, regardless of Hollywood, Paris or New York dictates. If you have grown monotonous to yourself, when you read this, sit right down to your dressing-table and do a little experimenting, and discover something new and lovely and alluring about yourself.

Now the eyes get their turn. That's where Hollywood is supreme. It can do almost anything with eyes. I shall never forget seeing my own after a master of make-up had used mascara, shadow and pencil. And was I pleased? Yet from the screen today, you don't see heavily laden, made-up eyes staring at you. They are subtly, naturally lovely in effect. And that's the lesson for all blondes.

The blonde eyebrow is usually lovelier when it's narrow, long and not too black. As a matter of fact, in personal make-up, it's more artistic to make that brow dark brown, and to use a black mascara on the lashes. And that mascara must be skilfully applied; never allow the lashes to clot and cling together. When the mascara is dry, comb the lashes with those tiny combs for the purpose. And in the use of shadow, select pastel tones. These tones should have relation to your skin rather than your eyes. Many blondes have faint purple shadows, beautiful with white skin. Then a lavender shadow does the trick. Sometimes there are faint blue veins about the eyes. Then blue is your color. On the golden blonde, the natural shadow is usually brown, so brown shadow would carry out the normal coloring scheme, or perhaps a green for evening. You see, you are only emphasizing the intents of nature when you use color in this manner. And never overdo. Ann Harding's eyes are always beautifully made up for the screen. Their loveliness is artfully intensified without a harsh note or line anywhere. If you employ this same principle in your own make-up, you will be doing yourself a great favor.

Now we reach the lips. The blonde, almost more than any type, needs color on her lips, but this color must not be harsh or too deep. As a rule, there are two types of blondes,

A broad, loose braid adds just the picturesque touch to Madeleine Carroll's golden locks. A tip for many

Compare this picture of Madeleine with the one above, and observe the change for practical, daytime wear

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Look at Pat now! A touch of Hollywood is introduced in that smooth coil of hair wound with tiny pearls

Your most potent attribute for new personality and appeal is your hair. Study the changes in Pat Paterson

Lilian Harvey is an exception to the dramatic value of hair change theory. Lilian always wears this coiffure

A well-known beauty wash in the form of tiny grains, mixed to a paste with milk, is one of the reasons for Joan Bennett's flawless skin. Good for all skin types

DEDICATED TO THE BLONDES

those with gold in their skin and those with pink. The golden-skinned blonde needs a vivid, warm shade—a shade which usually contains a little yellow, while the pink-skinned blonde needs a tone with just a touch of blue, which gives a rose-tinted rouge. If you will look at your skin without make-up in a clear light, it will not be hard to decide what type you are and what color accents you need. Face rouge should always be of the same general tone as your lipstick and powder of a true skin-matching shade. A trio of this make-up in the natural shades suggested will give you a natural, lovely and flattering make-up harmony.

The art of rouging the lips is very important. The general screen tendency today is to enlarge the lips slightly, the idea being that the generous mouth is much preferred to the tiny mouth. In the first place, it is far more expressive, a terrifically important thing on the screen; and a slightly full mouth seems to indicate many of the more desirable human attributes, just as frank, sincere eyes do.

While it is unwise to tamper too much with the natural shape of the mouth by day, evening gives you more license. However you apply that daytime rouge, the line should be smooth and even if you wish attractive lips. Men, particularly, are repelled by carelessly smudged rouge lines. Lipsticks wear down that clear point after a while and simply won't give you a well defined line. But here is a Hollywood method that does it. After applying the rouge, take the flat end of an orangewood manicure stick and smooth that line perfectly. But do it when you first apply the rouge and while it is moist and creamy. If you will do this with any reasonably indellible lipstick, you may be sure that clear line will last you until you remove the rouge. If rouge fades from eating, etc., during the day or evening, you need only retouch the inner part of the lips; don't try to re-rouge the outline. You have no idea how this little trick will improve your appearance generally.

Blondes always look lovelier and fresher if that lip rouge is slightly creamy. If your favorite lipstick doesn't give you quite this effect, try applying a tiny dab of cream to the lips, wiping it away and then applying the lipstick. This touch gives you just that added bit of creaminess you need.

You may think by now that we are done with the blonde. But no. The subject of dramatization goes deeper than make-up, which is only one aid, after all. It is very intimately tied up with yourself. What the screen has done for all types is to teach them to express themselves through face, bodily movement and voice. You probably have watched many a player grow from a pretty face to an unforgettable personality. You might give a little thought to your face. Most of us are inclined not to use our face at all or to use it the wrong way. Many girls in an effort

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

All blonde lashes need a tiny touch of mascara, says Whitney Bourne. That compact mascara case is the size of a lipstick

Whitney uses no nail lacquer, but jams tips in white powder for whitening effect. We prefer the new bleaching pencil

"I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE FRAGRANT MILDNESS OF CAMELS"

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE OF PHILADELPHIA

■ As Sarah Lippincott, Mrs. Nicholas Biddle grew up in Philadelphia, playing in historic Rittenhouse Square, and then went to school in France. She shares her husband's enthusiasm for big game hunting and their country house is full of trophies. Golf, trap shooting, and tennis are great favorites with her and in the summer she gets very tanned sailing with her five children. She loves people and parties and invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
than any other popular brand

"Yes, I always smoke Camels," says Mrs. Biddle, "because I like their taste so much better than any of the other cigarettes. Camels have real flavor and yet they are so pleasantly mild that I never worry about how many I smoke. Camels never get on my nerves. That is another reason why I am so devoted to them. And I notice that whenever my energy is low, smoking a Camel renews it."

When you smoke a Camel you do feel an almost immediate relief from fatigue. You have released and made available the latent energy in your system. Camels will give you a "lift" and they won't get on your nerves.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE MILDER

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Relief every woman should know about

One of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey . . . that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self . . . comfortable and relaxed.

Only a *balanced* preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a *liquid* —hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant ...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet . . . ready to relieve pain at a moment's notice. Or get it by the dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the *full* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

Ask The Answer Man

When Gertrude Michael went to Hollywood she expected to remain a week. That was over two years ago, and she's still there! As *Calpernia* in the movie, "Cleopatra," she is most alluring. It looks like *Antony* (Henry Wilcoxon) must think so too

GERTRUDE MICHAEL, whom everyone is asking about now, began her picture career "as a lark." She played the rôle of Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward" which was made in Paramount's Long Island Studio two years ago. After the picture was finished she turned down other movie offers and returned to the stage. Later she accepted an offer to go to Hollywood, for a test. She expected to stay a week, but was kept so busy she hasn't had time to return East, even for a visit.

In Talladega, Ala., where she was born, she was giving piano concerts at the age of twelve and also taking violin lessons. Graduated from high school at fourteen and entered the University of Alabama law school for a year. From there she went to Converse College; then to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music where she won a five year scholarship to study music in Italy. Plans to make use of this scholarship were altered by the death of her father.

Playing the piano and violin as well as singing and directing dramatic sketches over a radio station she founded, kept Gertrude busy for some time. Then followed stock work, Broadway plays and finally pictures.

Gertrude is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes. She lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. Enjoys swimming, tennis and badminton. Has an extensive library of music. Some of her latest pictures are "Bolero," "George White's Scandals," "Murder at the Vanities" and "The Witching Hour." She will be seen soon in "Notorious Sophie Lang" and "Cleopatra."

GLENDON A. SCHUBERT, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Picture-goers are continually getting the Morgan brothers, Ralph and Frank, mixed. It was Ralph whom you saw in "Orient Express." He has also appeared in "Rasputin and the Empress," "No Greater Glory" and "Stand Up and Cheer."

NAPOLEON BERNABE, BULACAN, P. I.—The star whose birthday comes nearest yours is Elissa Landi, December 6th. Other stars who come under the sign of Sagittarius are Doug Fairbanks, Jr., December 9th; Sally Eilers and Rosemary Ames, December 11th; Karen Morley, the 12th and Irene Dunne, the 20th.

BERTHA DE PIERRE, MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.—In "Little Women" Paul Lucas played the rôle of *Fritz Bhaer*, the professor. The cast of the picture is too long to list here. If you will send a stamped return envelope, I will give you a copy of it.

MRS. CARLOS ANTHONY, CASCADE, MONT.—Words fail me when it comes to describing one Marx brother, let alone four of them. Anyway, here's the way you can tell who is who. Groucho wears glasses and an imitation mustache. Harpo wears a bushy red wig and never speaks on the stage or screen. (I hear that he makes up for it off-stage.) Chico is the one who speaks with a dialect and Zeppo, the baby of the family, plays straight. The names their parents gave them were Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively. They were all born in New York and are all married, except Harpo.

W. C. CLEMENS, CHICAGO, ILL.—The names of the songs in "Too Much Harmony" were "Black Moonlight," "The Day You Came Along," "Too Much Harmony," "Thanks," and "Buckin' the Wind." In "Torch Singer" you heard "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." In "Gold Diggers of 1933" were featured "Shadow Waltz," "I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song," "Remember My Forgotten Man," "Gold Diggers Song" and "Pettin' in the Park."

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

English Additions *to the* Arlen Menu

Dick, not unlike lots of other men, really enjoys puttering about the kitchen. Here you see him preparing one of those new English "additions"

THE Arlens did not return from Europe to revolutionize their kitchen with Continental cookery, but several English dishes—new to the American palate—did meet with Dick and Jobyna's complete approval.

The first is that good old stand-by, Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.

You know all about roast beef, so we won't go into that. Just be sure to rub the roast well with salt and dredge in flour. Place it in a hot oven to sear over and retain the juices, then lower the heat. And don't forget to baste every 10 minutes.

Yorkshire Pudding is a perfect complement to the roast. Use 1 cup of milk, ½ cup of flour, 2 eggs, and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Mix all but the eggs to a smooth paste, then add the eggs, thoroughly beaten. Cover the bottom of two hot bread pans or a biscuit pan with some of the fat from the roast that you have spooned from the pan in which it was roasted, pour the mixture in, about half an inch thick. Put in hot oven and bake for 20 minutes, decreasing heat. Cut in squares and serve. Can be baked, if preferred, in very hot iron muffin pans.

English Monkey—This is a grand dish for after the theater or for Sunday night supper.

Use 1 cup of stale bread crumbs, 1 cup of milk, ½ cup of mild cheese, cut in small pieces, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, and a few grains of cayenne.

Soak the bread-crumbs in milk for 15 minutes. Melt the butter, add the cheese and melt. Add the bread-crumbs and milk, the egg beaten slightly, and the seasonings. Cook for 3 minutes, stirring constantly, and pour over toasted crackers or thin toast.

English Patties are a perfect entree for luncheon, and also a good way to use leftover cold chicken. Have a cup of chicken, cut in small pieces, 6 mushroom caps, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of flour, ½ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, dash of grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon of sherry, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cream, and 1 cup of chicken stock. (The prepared chicken boullion cubes may be used.)

Peel the mushroom caps and cut in cubes. Place these in a pan with the butter and chicken. Cook 5 minutes, stirring. Then add the flour, blend, and pour on the chicken stock. Let simmer for 10 minutes. Season with salt, cayenne, nutmeg and sherry. Beat egg, add the cream, and pour in the mixture. When well blended and heated, fill patty cases with the mixture, and garnish with parsley.

And if you have never made a Rum Souffle, now is the time to begin. They are simply delicious, and can be made more interesting by pouring brandy over just before serving. which is lighted, and sent to the table flaming.

Dishes that became favorites with Dick and Joby while they vacationed abroad

Rum Souffle—Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until lemon colored. Then add ¼ cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon of rum. Beat the whites of 4 eggs until dry. Fold these in with the other mixture. Butter a hot omelet pan, pour in ½ the mixture, brown underneath and fold carefully. Place on a hot serving dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Cook remaining batter the same way. The souffle should be slightly underdone inside. And will you enjoy it!

Indian Pudding—You scald 5 cups of milk and pour very slowly on ⅓ cup of Indian meal (white corn meal is an equivalent). Now cook in the double boiler for 20 minutes. Then add ½ cup of molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon of ginger. Pour into a buttered baking dish, place in a pan of hot water, and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours. Serve with cream.

Dorothy Jordan knows a secret You should, too

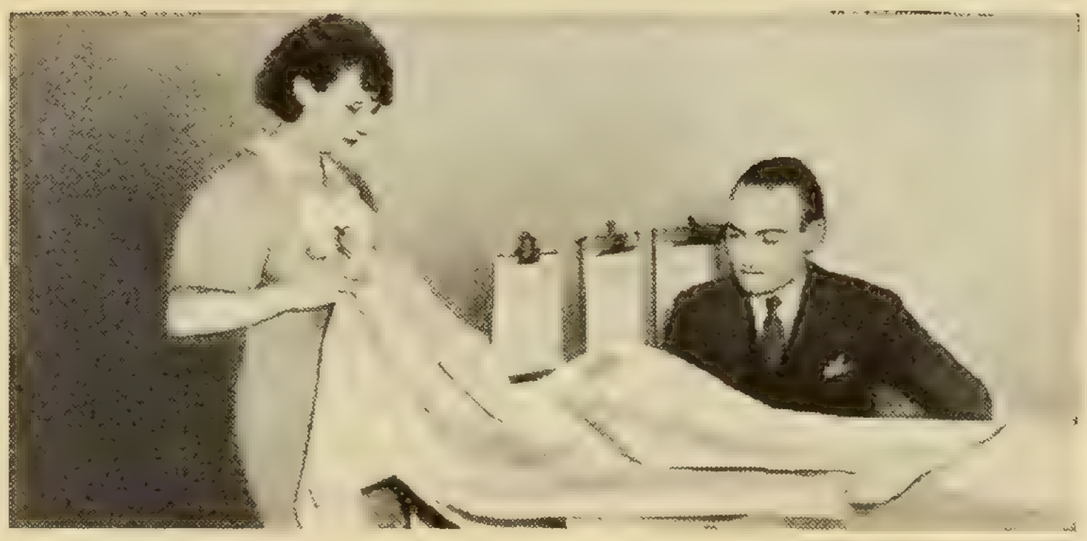
"With LUX there's no trick at all in keeping dainty sweaters and frocks looking new"

DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

• "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

• YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps . . . they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woolens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

"Lux saves us thousands of dollars," says Walter Plunkett, wardrobe director of RKO-Radio Studios. "We save on cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long. We find that anything safe in water washes perfectly in Lux. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies, and even rugs are washed with Lux here. Lux keeps colors fresh, fabrics like new."

Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Gwenllian Gill
Julia Graham
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Walter Kingsford
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Lodge
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Dorothy Stickney
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tidbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
Jack Donahue
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Edith Fellows
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
James Gleason
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Conchita Montenegro
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
June Vlasek
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Brian Aherne
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Ben Lyon
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Joel McCrea
Polly Moran
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Eric Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Adele Thomas
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman
Fredric March

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
John Mack Brown
Nancy Carroll
Patricia Caron
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Dick Heming
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Warburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Creighton Chaney
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Lilian Ellis
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jean Howard
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Wanda Perry
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Loretta Young
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston
June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Ellalee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Polly Walters
Lois Wilson
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Irene Castle
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Helen Lowell
Emily Lowry
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Henry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Joan Wheeler
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Reduce Those Hips, Legs and Arms!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

you're accomplishing what you need to accomplish. And you'll use muscles you've never used before!

And now for those upper arms. As I said in the first of this letter, I've got grand news for you, darling. I promise that if you do just what I say, you will reduce your heavy upper arms in one week's time. It hardly seems believable, but it's true. I know! I've tried it!

With the heel of your hand and all your fingers (but keep the fingers together), knead your upper arm as if it were dough. Don't dig in with the finger-tips, because you don't want to bruise your lovely skin. Just squeeze and squeeze hard with the heel of your hand on top, and your fingers, all tight together, on the lower part of your arm. Then put a Turkish towel over your arm and slap the fat away.

When you've done that, go in and lie down on your bed. Ask a friend to help you with this one. Relax the whole body. Lie on your right side. Stretch the left leg out behind you, keep the right leg straight. Now put your left arm above your head and have someone pull on that left arm. But here's a warning: Don't let that pull be jerky. Have your friend pull slowly and steadily upward and be sure you feel all your weight being pulled upward. You must relax while this is being done. But isn't it a marvelous feeling? You can feel all those muscles stretching, stretching, and you can know that the flesh is being pulled off your arms.

After each steady pull, lie still for a second or two and then repeat. This should be done five times every morning and five times every night, darling. Don't neglect it.

There you are—the kneading with the hand on the arm, the pulling and stretching, the slapping with a towel over the arm, and I assure you that in just one week's time the flesh will melt away.

Incidentally, both the stretching arm exercise and the hip exercise will also reduce the upper part of your leg. It has never failed. The idea is that the stretching and pulling destroy the fat cells underneath the skin.

That's all I'm going to give you for now, Evelyn. I'm going to put you on your honor to eat properly. Take simple, sensible food and go in for plenty of vegetables and fruit. Avoid (and this is all you have to avoid in the fruit line) peaches and watermelon. Both increase the water in the body and that causes weight. I'd like for you to go on my general reducing diet. I don't want you to starve yourself and you won't need to, if you'll take these exercises conscientiously.

Please, Evelyn, follow this advice, because with a few pounds off your body you'll be one of the most charming girls on the screen. You have beautiful mannerisms, an unsophisticated calmness and such a lovely facial expression.

Your facial expression tells me a lot about you. It tells me you're a lovely girl, gently bred. But all of your loveliness can be so much more enhanced if you will get to work and take off the excess weight.

You know what I wish you'd do? I wish in about a month, after you've been doing these exercises, you'd send me your picture in a bathing suit. I'd like to compare it with some of the photographs I've seen of you in long fluffy skirts. You see, Evelyn, when that excess weight is off, when those hips, arms and legs have been shaved down, you won't have to conceal yourself in long, loose clothes. Why, you'll be so proud of your figure you'll begin begging for rôles in which you can wear abbreviated costumes. All Hollywood will be envious of you! You can do it. You know you can! And I'm rooting for you.

Love,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to repeat your "complexion diet" in your very interesting department?

Mrs. C. C. B., Boulder, Colo.

Gladly. Here it is. Once a month, for five days do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or, if available, cherries, and boil them (without rinsing) over a very slow fire. Start with just enough cold water to cover them for about an hour of boiling. Spread a double layer of cheesecloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this overnight. Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning. If you don't want to waste the berries or cherries, you can make an excellent jam out of what's left.

Two hours after you've taken the juice, drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. The last thing at night before going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren't in season, use tomato juice instead. Glad you think my articles interesting. Thanks for the compliment.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to send me your reducing diet? I need it very badly.

H. T. R.

I love to hear people with enough strength of character to admit they need reducing. But that diet is very long and takes up a lot of space, so please send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope so I can mail it to you. You'll find it beneficial, I am sure. You get plenty of the right kind of food and lose weight, too.

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am a violinist. My hands are very red and it embarrasses me, since when I play people naturally watch my hands. Can you help me?

T. W., New York City

You bet I can help you. Every night before going to bed, massage your hands with a good cold-cream and massage each finger, too, with the same movement you use to pull on tight gloves. Then put gobs of cold-cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on. It's an old-fashioned remedy for red hands but it works. Every morning wash your hands in cold water and use plenty of hand lotion on them and then, a dozen times during the day, rub down your hands and fingers with that same "glove movement." Just before you go on the stage to play, hold your hands high above your head so that the blood can run away from them. And when you're sitting, do not let your hands hang down at your side. Place them so the blood runs toward the arms.

Dear Sylvia:

I've always understood that apples were fattening, yet I notice that you give them in some of your reducing diets. Why?

V. A., Nashville, Tenn.

Raw apples seem to absorb the water in the body and that's reducing. Also, they're wonderful eliminators and nobody can get thin unless the eliminating processes are in perfect working order. Eat plenty of raw apples. They're healthful—and thinning as well.

Dear Sylvia:

My husband doesn't want me to diet. He says it will make me grouchy. How can I persuade him?

Mrs. R. W. W., Kansas City, Mo.

Well, I don't know how you can persuade him, but I know one thing: There is plenty of nourishing and stimulating food in all my diets, and if you don't believe that, take them to your doctor. He will tell you that you get plenty to eat. The reason people on most diets are grouchy is because they're half starved. If the system has all the energy-food and all the minerals it needs, you don't get grouchy. Why don't you ask your husband to let you diet for a week and promise him that if you complain once, you will stop. After that it will be up to you not to complain. But you'll feel so grand that you won't want to complain. You'll certainly feel better than when you stuff your stomach with rich, heavy foods. I'll guarantee that!

Mark your calendar!

Set your clock!

Tune in on Borden's

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

NOW BROADCAST THURSDAY NIGHTS AT 10:00, E. D. S. T.
OVER THE COLUMBIA NETWORK

Irene Dunne and John Boles in RKO's "Age of Innocence."

HERE'S what America calls superlative radio entertainment!

It's exciting as Hollywood . . . glamorous as Hollywood . . . because it *is* Hollywood—transplanted for forty-five breath-taking minutes before the microphone.

Make it a date to tune in *this* Thursday night on Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood," at 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time (9:00 P. M., E. S. T., 8:00 P. M., C. S. T., 7:00 P. M., M. T.) Columbia Network.

Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple, starred in "Now and Forever," new Paramount production.

Chorus of Univeral's forthcoming musical, "Romance In The Rain."

PRESENTED BY

Borden's

EVAPORATED MILK

Jane dreams of romance—

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

JANE dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores.*

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you *protect* it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.

Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin
NRA CODE
LUX TOILET SOAP
KAY FRANCIS
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "BRITISH AGENT"

Guessing Time For Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

when Garbo's contract expired following the completion of "As You Desire Me," which was a tremendous hit, capping a chain of hits. She packed up her bags, stored her antiquated limousine and sailed away amid a deafening chorus of idolatrous cheers. She was in a position to practically write her own ticket and dictate her own destiny. She could return, if, when and how she pleased—and when she did a substantial salary boost awaited her.

AT that time she said nothing. Other than an understood agreement with M-G-M that if she *did* make any pictures she would make them for M-G-M, no contract bound her. For almost two years she did not communicate with her producers.

But now—

Figures, cold figures, reveal that the popularity of Garbo today is not the popularity of the Garbo of that golden age. And you can't blame it all on the depression.

"Queen Christina"—the picture which was Garbo-inspired and Garbo-generaled—fell short of the anticipated enthusiastic reception which a Garbo return picture should have met. Several things worked against it; bad times; an always doubtful costume play with characters of little general appeal; the rise of new idols; Katharine Hepburn—and an inexplicable Garbo apathy.

At the recent convention of the Motion Picture Theater Operators in Hollywood, statistics showed her former box-office ranking had been passed by almost a dozen stars. Some were on her own studio lot.

The explanation was to this effect:

"Garbo is still Garbo—but she can't stay away like this and keep her place. Unless she works more often, she'll keep on slipping. And even the great Garbo has to have popular pictures. The ones she has been playing in are too sombre, solemn and serious."

So—

Unless "The Painted Veil" is a phenomenal success, Garbo possibly will be accounted an expensive flop.

Doubtless her present earning power will have a great deal to do with the terms of any new contract offered by M-G-M—and if her salary were lowered—if it were held where it is without a boost—would Garbo take it?

She never has before.

This much everyone who has got to within shouting distance of Greta agrees:

If Garbo ever decides that she is considered a flop—if her own mind tells her she is slipping—she will quit Hollywood and pictures overnight.

She may do it anyway. For personal reasons.

Marriage?

THERE always have been Garboesque marital rumors, the most recent and exciting, of course, involving Rouben Mamoulian, the director.

Long before that, flittering back from Sweden, came the word that Queen Greta was about to become a Princess, under persuasion of Prince Ingvard of the Royal House. Actually, it all is said to have started when Garbo and a suitor of long standing, named Sorenson, were seen in the company of the Prince. But, anyway, that even remotely rumored possibility is out. Prince Ingvard is now a married man, the husband of a former German actress for whom he renounced his royal rights.

Name anyone else who, by the greatest elasticity of fact or rumor, threatens Garbo's single state.

Marriage is a poor, almost absurd, conjecture.

But a Hollywood desertion is not.

Garbo has never owned a square foot of Hollywood soil. She has nothing to bind her to this country. But in Stockholm her friends and her business agents have been busily preparing for the Queen's return. A town house, high on a hill in Stockholm, belongs to her, and a forty-five mile square estate on a remote peninsula across the bay from the summer estate of King Gustaf is being made ready for the erection of a country chateau. Her favorite paintings are being bought for this place by her brother, Sven. Evidently she plans to live there.

Jobyna Ralston, Mrs. Richard Arlen (that's Dick, of course, looking on), is telling the latest antic of their bouncing young son

It's a long way from Hollywood. She can't commute.

That estate (and not Ivar Kreuger's castle, as it was erroneously rumored that she had purchased) is the number one sign which points toward permanent residence in Sweden—and consequent abandonment of Hollywood.

Here are a few more:

Greta has friends in Sweden—and even social ambitions!

In contrast to her nun-like withdrawal from the world in this country, she gets out and goes places in her natural habitat. During her last visit she was a familiar figure at the theaters, at the public parks, and at fancy but exclusive functions.

In fact, when she left to return to Hollywood the last time, she jocularly referred to the movie town as "my cloister." Which seems to support the theory that Garbo's Hollywood hibernating is and always has been—an act.

THEN, too, she's something of a national idol in her homeland, an idol who transcends the limits of a picture personality. She could be even a bigger frog in a smaller pond—in Sweden.

That her mother, her brother, grandmother, and various relatives still live in Sweden would probably have little bearing on her actions, because Garbo is not particularly a family girl. In fact, some of the relatives thoroughly disapprove of her!

Just how much Garbo's place on the screen means to her now is hard to estimate; but it would seem to be the only thing of real value in her life—in Hollywood at least. She must have saved enough money to supply all possible wants, because it is pretty hard to see where she has spent much.

But giving up the adulation of millions would be a loss to which even a Garbo could hardly remain indifferent.

Is there any possible truth to the insistent rumors that Garbo will produce her own pictures in Sweden?

She would not have to touch a nickel of her own. English and German picture interests, both now playing for the world market, would snap up Garbo at once. Even if she insisted on shooting her films in Stockholm, either production group would be glad to accommodate her.

However, at M-G-M she has the very cream of the artistic talent in the industry at her beck and call. The same seasoned men—right on down to the lowliest "grip" and prop boy—have literally grown up with her. They know how to present her in the most effective manner on the screen.

Would she be the Great Garbo without them?

NO, she wouldn't! Garbo may express preference for actors and technical men who are not native Americans, but she knows that the best talent, regardless of nationality, is in Hollywood. And perhaps that's the reason that during the past few weeks the pop-eyed populace of M-G-M has noticed Garbo more than once on the set of "The Merry Widow" in earnest conversation with Ernst Lubitsch. It is known that she admires his work deeply, and wants him to direct her.

And perhaps that is the reason why Adrian, the famous costume designer at M-G-M, and Greta have been thick as thieves. Garbo thinks a lot of Adrian.

Could it be possible that she is at this moment planning a producing organization of her own—fortified with the best ability in Hollywood?

Could she possibly be luring these men of unquestioned genius to help her make greater Greta Garbo pictures in Sweden?

Hollywood's having more fun, guessing!

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The Lassoing of the Lone Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

But he discovered more about her as they danced at the Casino on Catalina Island. Very important things, such as the fact that she reached nearly to his shoulder, had the most amazing blue-green eyes in the world and wonderful dark hair and a marvel of a mouth. She had a dimple, too. Every girl, Coop decided, should have one. You kept saying things to make it appear.

If she had been a pal that afternoon, she was an enchantress by moonlight. A young witch in floating silvery green that did things to her eyes. Why couldn't all girls fit into moods like this? She didn't say much, either. But the silence between them vibrated electrically . . .

"Do you ride?" he wanted to know the next morning, as they sat on deck in bathing-suits.

"Yes, but I'm a little afraid of horses." Women did not admit that to him as a rule. Here was a novelty!

"But you do swim?" For answer she sprang lightly to the rail.

" Last one in is a—" But she didn't finish, for a long shadow shot out beside her.

All in all, it was a most successful week-end.

MONDAY meant slipping back into the mud-and-rain atmosphere of the picture. Work, rehearsal, drill, slushing about a "stormy" stage, more work . . . Visions of Veronica vanished into the background. He didn't call her up. She didn't call him. Lost contact.

A few days later Gary went into the projection room to view the rushes. He was late. The small theater already was darkened and he stumbled over someone's foot. Stumbled heavily. With a quick apology he drew back and sank into a vacant chair, wondering why the "someone" had said nothing.

Not even a healthy "ouch"! When the lights went up he looked around—and there was Veronica.

After that, of course, there was just one thing to do. Gary did it.

She had come with friends but Gary insisted on taking her home.

"I can't half kill a girl without doing something about it," he grinned. "Besides we seem to bump together quite well!"

They were at her door before either of them realized it.

He hadn't intended asking her to dinner—but he did. He hadn't considered taking her to dance at the Cocoanut Grove—but that's where they went.

A GRAND evening—and the next morning he had to leave for a ten-day location trip to March field for airplane sequences.

Sky rides—tail spins against soft white clouds—a man's world—and a pair of fascinating green eyes faded into the distance.

And then he was back. Spending every free moment out at old Jeff's place working on his saddle.

On Sunday Sam Goldwyn gave a party at his Malibu beach home. Not the ordinary party. *Sam's* kind.

That means you spend the day in a revel of good talk and good sport—or sleep—just as you please.

Gary went. He stretched out luxuriously in the warm sand with his head resting on a slight elevation. Minutes passed. Then the elevation moved.

The sand slipped away and from behind an antique bandana a flushed young face appeared. Veronica's.

"This isn't funny any more—our mixed-up meetings," declared Gary. "It's fate—" And maybe it was.

WEDNESDAY night they danced. Friday night they went to the fights. Rocky, as everybody called Veronica, wasn't the squealing sort. She sat perfectly still when Thunder Pete socked the life out of Battling Jim. And she didn't catch a fellow's arm and pretend to be frightened when he put his "Yellow Peril," that imposing motor car, up to seventy along the highway.

Coop felt a sort of wonderment.

He's never known anyone like her. Was it possible he had found a girl who spoke his language?

One evening they were asked to an elaborate dinner. Very dressy—the silver-on-gleaming-damask variety. Coop had worked eleven hours that day and he had a hankering for starlight and quiet. And just Rocky. Would she understand? She was wearing a glamorous new gown that any girl would want to display.

In silence they got into the Yellow Peril. Simultaneously they turned and something in her eyes made Coop venture to say it. "Would you mind if we ducked the dinner?"

She laughed. "Do you know, I was just wondering if *you* would mind!"

It was the beginning of one of those spun-with-magic nights. The ocean tossed jeweled moonbeams at them as they sped up the coast road. In formal evening clothes they drove into a dining shack famous for its fried chicken and the absence of such small items as knives and forks.

Coop watched her managing a drumstick with her fingers as if she had been used to it all her life. "You'd be a great hand at round-up time," he mused.

"But Coop," she informed him between bites, "this is *really living!*"

"And now, Lady Balfe, shall we wait for the finger bowls?" That slow, twisted smile of his. They laughed together—and drove off into the night . . .

ROCKY had taken a little house with the old Swedish woman who has been her companion since she was two. The Yellow Peril began to brighten its driveway with astonishing regularity. And the two women were frequent visitors at Gary's ranch.

The first time they went there was a great fuss. Winny caused it.

Winny, the dappled gray mare that is Coop's pride, has always maintained a dignified aloofness in regard to ladies. In fact, she scorns them. But with Rocky it was different. She went up to her and nuzzled her gently and nibbled at the wood violets Rocky was carrying.

And for once the girl wasn't afraid of a horse. She rode off on her, leaving Coop in a state of supreme contentment. If those two were pals already . . . Well!

But it was Biff who officially adopted Rocky into the family circle. The ugly, lovable old bulldog lumbered up to her for close inspection. She might have been passing through customs. When he finished, Biff sidled off. Then, with a quick spring, seventy pounds of loyal dog landed beside her on the couch and "grfff-ed" his approval.

Following that, it was only a question of time before Coop himself asked her to join the family.

He did it after a long afternoon ride. He had on the ramshackle hat he invariably wears, that he has hung on to since "The Virginian."

A girl like Rocky might be expected to be annoyed at it. Instead—she took it from him and wore it.

"Do you know what that means out West here, when a girl wears a man's hat?" Coop demanded.

"I know it's a good sunshade, but—" But Coop had her in his arms and was demonstrating.

THEY decided to wait a year until Rocky was twenty-one before they married. It seemed the wisest thing to do. Gary had a heavy production schedule that permitted no time off for honeymoons. He started working day and night in "Design for Living."

And then, abruptly, a year loomed up as eternity. It happened like this:

Rocky decided it was about time she paid her parents in New York a visit. At the same time, Paramount requested Coop to make a personal appearance there in connection with the opening of "Design for Living." He had to leave ahead of her, and for the first time in eight months there was no way of reaching her.

It dawned on Coop that separation could be pretty terrible. He met her at the station in a huge car, with showers of roses—forgetting completely that she had three cars of her own. But she went in his while her chauffeur and people trailed behind.

Gary crammed five shows a day and twenty-one interviews into the next two weeks—and somehow found time for stolen moments with Rocky. He was taking off make-up in his dressing-room at the Paramount Theater when he arrived at a sudden decision. He swung around and caught Rocky by the shoulders.

"Let's have the wedding *now* . . ." And later the doorman cast a curious look at the starry-eyed girl coming out with a streak of grease-paint across her chin.

Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe were married on December fifteenth at two o'clock in her mother's Park Avenue apartment, in front of six people. A few days later in Phoenix, Arizona, he told her: "Why didn't I discover you sooner? What a lot of time I've wasted!" Seven months later he was still telling her that.

THEY were standing at the taffrail of a slim yacht as it rose to meet the swells of the outer harbor—and shooting fish. Only this time the shell didn't nick her nose. She knew how to handle the gun now. And over it, her eyes met Gary's in a look of complete understanding.

He realized it then, once and for all. *He had found a girl who spoke his language . . .*

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HIGH-LIGHTING BLONDE BEAUTY REQUIRES A KEEN EYE, SUBTLE COLOR SENSE AND A DEFT HAND

By Carolyn Van Wyck

Bette Davis stresses the importance of pastel lip rouge for the blonde. Bright warm and rose tones are advocated, as they harmonize best with natural tints

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

to appear sophisticated and old beyond their years, develop a dead, set face expression, and only now and then can you shake them out of it. Many are denying their greatest charm when they do it, because, after all, you are your loveliest usually when you permit some real emotion to play on the face—gay, unstinted laughter, pensive thought, tenderness and understanding or happy animation. On the screen you must use your face; you must develop sincere expressions that help your story along.

Then, opposed to the set face, is the type that works it to death. Now and then you see the coy girl who seldom puts herself over by this method, but more often you see the tense, strained face, which is just as unrestful and unattractive as the girl who is all arched eyes and twinkles. Animated relaxation, which means that your face is relaxed but that eyes show a spark of life and meaning, is something worth developing. If you've fallen into any of the bad facial habits mentioned, give a little time to correcting them, just as you might bad posture. About the best way is to think of pleasant things when you can, to forget your face while you're thinking. While you're doing this, if you could catch a quick glance in the mirror, you'd probably find a newer, more interesting self there.

Since the blonde, by the very tone of her coloring, suggests beauty and grace, don't let awkward, hasty movements ruin this illusion for others. You have an airy, fairy look, so you must live up to it. Try to learn to move lightly and gracefully; don't plump yourself down heavily in chairs, or bang through doors or slouch along the street as you walk. Again you kill the illusion of loveliness. Here's an important actress' method of developing a graceful, easy walk. Think of some tune—the popular ones are great for this—as you walk along. You don't have to hum, but just think. You'll find yourself in step with "May I?" or something of the kind. Another advantage, it gets you where you're going in a hurry. You'll find that this thinking of a pleasant tune puts you in a nice mood, too.

Your speaking voice is far more important than you generally think it is. Aside from appearance, it is one of the first things that meets the attention of the newcomer. You may be the grandest, prettiest girl in the world, but if your voice is rasping, shrill, you poison yourself with others right then and there. All of us can't take elocution or singing lessons, but we can watch ourselves and avoid the usual pitfalls, two of which are a flat, nasal pronunciation or its opposite, the very broad *a*, which sounds affected and ridiculous. There is, however, a note between the two which places your *a*'s and other vowels in a pleasant sound range.

A low voice is much preferable to a high, shrill one, and most of us can drop the tone a little if we try. Hasty speech always annoys others because they can't get what you say, and no one likes to ask you to repeat. Affected slowness is just as bad. Again, there is a desirable in-between.

If you can't think of bright, pleasant things to say, everyone of you can avoid banality in speech, two or three of which are the much-used, over-worked comments, "Is that so?" and "And how!" Another overdone phrase is "Pleased to meet you," when you're introduced to someone. Better just a nice smile and no words, than that. We all fall into speech habits and now and then if we'd just stop to think what we're saying, we'd be amazed. The point is, we're not saying anything at all.

•

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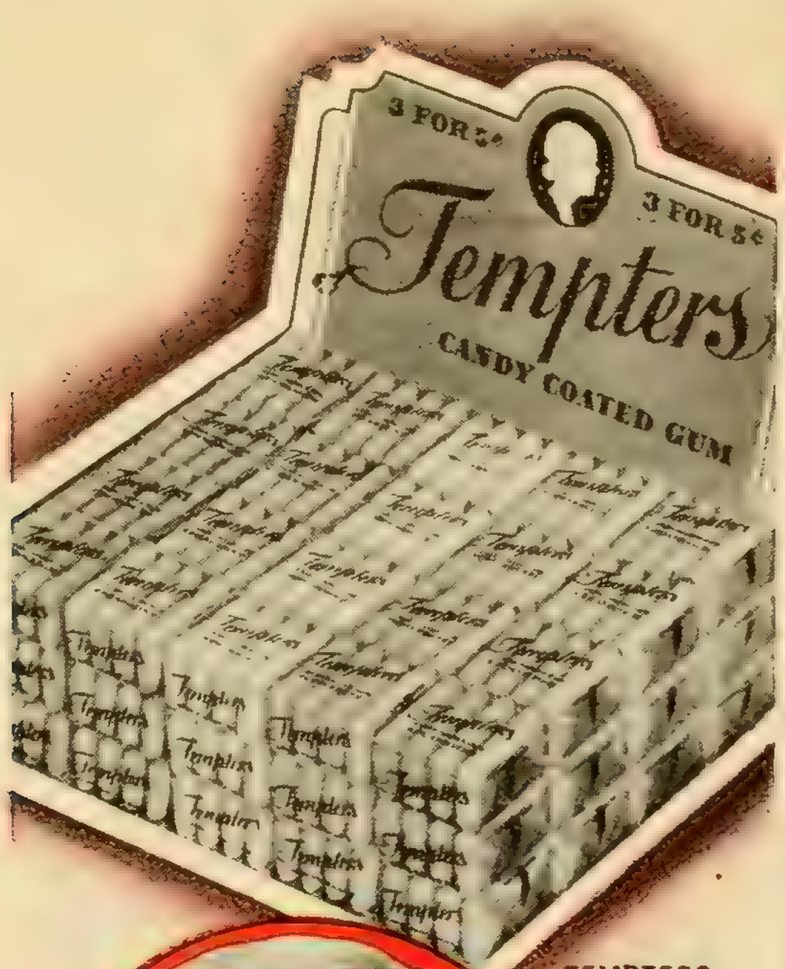

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THOUSANDS of admirers of Bing Crosby offered new terms to describe his individual vocal style, as a result of the story, "No More Crooners!" that appeared in PHOTOPLAY Magazine last May. Now the Anti-Crooner Contest Editor gives you the names of the winners.

Responses flooded in from everywhere, from all over this country and from Canada. This widespread interest is the highest form of compliment for the brilliant Paramount star. His devoted followers were all pleased at the idea that Bing should no longer be labeled just a crooner. And so, what will he be called in the future? Ah, that's a surprise in store for you!

Those of you who did not win awards have the gratitude of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Paramount Pictures Corporation for your efforts. And Bing says many thanks!

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"The Boy"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

While Junior was born in Chicago, we soon moved to New York City. Junior attended the Ethical Culture and Clark Academies in New York City, graduating in 1925. His precocity pleased me, and his close attention to his work and high scholastic records were a constant source of pleasure to me. He was an entirely normal boy in every way and, while not neglecting his studies, went in for outdoor sports of all kinds, particularly tennis, at which he was adept.

FROM the time of his birth, he was close to me. He also was close to my business. Many executives still in my employ can remember Junior playing in the corridors of the offices we occupied. They also remember his rapt attention when they came to my home to discuss our problems.

I made it a point to take Junior with me on many of my trips abroad. We have been companions on trips across the Atlantic at least a dozen times. I believed that travel was a part of his education, and I think it meant much to him. His understanding of human and international relationships contributed, I believe to his success in making "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the greatest pictures of all time.

On these trips and when we were at home together in New York City he continually talked of motion pictures, the problems of production and distribution. I encouraged this interest, delighted to see it grow. At no time in his life has Junior ever wanted to do anything but what he is doing.

Had he shown a desire or inclination to do anything else, I would have allowed him to do that thing. I would have helped him in every way possible to make good. He never would have known my disappointment. But, fortunately, he took to motion pictures. The result is that he is giving his best to his work today. If he had gone into them because I had wanted him to do so, or if I had forced him into them, he would today be a mechanical executive instead of a creator, breathing life into his products and inspiring those who work with him to their greatest efforts.

Junior always has had everything he desired that was good for him. He has never known the meaning of poverty as I have known it, and I am glad. But he has known of my poverty. He knows what it means. He is tolerant of it. He has no false ideas about wealth. Therefore, he is not a snob.

I think that our first difference of opinion—and there have been many—came when Junior, in his eagerness, wanted to work.

I WANTED him to attend college. I knew the handicaps of a lack of education. And there was vanity in my stand, too. I wanted to be able to say, proudly:

"My son is a college man."

But he had different ideas.

"Papa," he said, "there is no university in the world giving courses in how to make motion pictures. And making motion pictures is what I want to do. You have a college, papa, from which I would like to graduate. It's Universal City, California. There I'll learn something worth while."

I saw that the boy was thinking clearly and sensibly, and that if he had learned to think that way, his education wouldn't be slighted. A man who thinks educates himself. So I said:

"Go ahead, Junior."

We moved to California and bought a home in Beverly Hills. It is a large place to accommodate our growing family. The are sixteen rooms in a Spanish home, surrounded by thirty-one acres. With me live Rosabelle and her husband, M. Stanley Bergerman, an associate producer at Universal City, Carol Bergerman, 4, and Stanley, Jr., 2, in addition to Junior.

Some day, Junior will bring home a bride. This will make me very happy. I, as do all persons of German birth, like to be surrounded by children and grand-children. Junior and I eat all our meals together at home. From morning until night we talk pictures.

Sometimes, Junior comes into my room in the morning with a fresh idea which he thinks will work. He sits on the side of my bed, wakes me up, and says:

"Papa, what do you think of this ?"

Perhaps it has something to do with production methods. I go back through the years and tell him of the times similar ideas have been tried out, and whether or not they proved practical. Then I tell him whether or not I think his idea is good.

Sometimes he takes my advice—sometimes he doesn't.

People ask me what questions he brings to me. The answer is that he brings every problem which bothers him to me, whether it has to do with the business or his personal affairs. As I said in the beginning, I have his confidence, he always talks things over with me, and always is absolutely frank.

I HAVE met all the young ladies he takes out socially, and I know exactly how he feels towards all of them. Some of them I like and some of them I do not like. I keep my feelings to myself unless he asks for my opinion.

I must say this for Junior—whether or not I have liked all the young ladies to whom he has been attentive, he has shown remarkably good taste and never has associated with any young men or young women who have not been worthy of his companionship and friendship.

I say that sometimes he wakes me up in the morning to talk over his problems. To carry on through the day, we talk over the business at the breakfast table if there is any need for it. Throughout the day he has access to my office at all times. Again we meet at dinner—and I have seen the time when he has wakened me out of a sound sleep at night to ask me to help him solve some problem which is upsetting him.

In all my years, I have never known a young man who has worked as hard as he has.

He starts to work early in the morning and often doesn't stop until early the next morning. He settles production problems, confers with writers, directors and players, plans advertising campaigns—and, on top of this, he reads books every spare chance he gets. His desire is to find stories which can be produced—good stories.

All in all, I believe he works too hard. He suffers from cold because he seldom gets the exercise he needs, and at times is forced to go away for rest and relaxation.

"Junior," I say to him, "you are working too hard." But he only smiles at me and keeps on working.

He has one trait that I admire above all else save his honesty. He is like a bulldog. Once he gets his teeth into a thing, he won't let go until the job is done. Once he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it. Nothing will stop him.

HE attacks a problem from one angle. He's stopped. He goes after it from another and another and another until finally he wins out. He always seems to get what he wants. He's been that way since he was a little boy. Once he thinks he is right, there isn't one chance in a hundred of slowing him down, not to mention stopping him.

WHEN he first arrived in Universal City, he had an inspiration. As long as he hadn't gone to college, I guess, he decided to bring college to Universal City. He wrote, directed and supervised "The Collegians," a series of short subjects. They were highly successful and praise was heaped upon his head. He paid no attention to this, but kept plugging.

Before he had finished, he had made four successful series, totaling forty-four pictures, and every one of them made money. They were clean, clever, bright and entertaining.

His mental growth was rapid. I saw, by the very problems he brought to me that he was ready for promotion, so I made him an associate producer. Four years after he had first walked into Universal City, he was elevated to the rank of general manager. He was then just 21 years old. In fact, his promotion was in reality a birthday present to him. It was a wise move for at that time I was in poor health and needed someone to carry on.

Junior was and still is the youngest executive in the industry. A great many people questioned my judgment. They didn't know Junior very well. Since then, they have learned to know him, and they respect his judgment. The critics forgot that I'd been in his confidence from the day of his birth, almost, and that I knew his capabilities.

I went to Europe shortly after giving him his new job. I wanted to see what would happen. Plenty did.

He decided that "All Quiet on the Western Front" would make a great picture, purchased the rights, got his writers and director, and went into production. There is no need to dwell on the artistic and financial success of that picture. It brought international renown to Junior, to Universal, and to myself.

I CONSIDER it his greatest achievement, even to this day, after he has made more than three score of excellent pictures.

Perhaps, in telling of my relations with him, I am painting too sanguine a picture. I have told you of his attributes and his keen judgment. I wish to add that I consider him impulsive. All youth is impulsive. Age becomes conservative, makes fewer mistakes—but loses some of the divine fire and the inspiration that is needed in life.

Junior has made mistakes—plenty of them. I would not, could not, humiliate him by enumerating them here. He knows what they are. He has learned from bitter experience. We all make mistakes. I have made my share. The motion picture industry has gained a sort of international fame for some of its more glaring mis-steps because it always basks in the light of publicity, where nothing can be hidden from an interested public. And in industries which have not attracted such wide attention, gross mistakes have been made. There never was an infallible man.

JUNIOR is a thoughtful boy, always has been. He has always been considerate of me in every way. He has given me many material gifts to show his affection. On my desk and in my office are at least half a dozen pictures of him. One which he gave me when he was seventeen is the most precious present I ever have had from him, I think. And I like another one he had taken for me when he was eleven, and still another when he was 21—the year he became general manager.

Unfortunately, we have not been together socially a great deal during recent years, and have not been able to travel together. I would have enjoyed these things. However, we have both been working, and have not been able to get away from work together. One of us always has to be on the job. And I have been ill a great deal, and unable to travel. The trips we had together when he was a boy linger as golden hours and days in my memory.

Wednesday nights, we go out to dinner together. That's the servant's night out. We attend many banquets and other functions of a semi-public nature, attend previews and such things. We always try to see the previews of the pictures which Junior makes, so that we can discuss their reception afterwards. But I'm afraid our days of travel are over.

The best "get-togethers" we have are the nights we stay home and play poker together. I like that game. I'm old-fashioned and never have learned to care for bridge.

Even during the games he asks me questions. Should we buy this story—engage that star—give a contract to this director—spend so much on a forthcoming production.

As the years pass, I know that he will act with better and better judgment. He has the whole world before him. And I hope, as the years pass, I will never lose his confidence and his respect. I have made money out of motion pictures, but his love and the love Rosabelle holds for me are far more precious.

I can give the world little advice on how to raise children. I have only one rule by which I have been guided. That is, to train children to be truthful. Moral strength, character, will develop from this.

IN THE years to come, I hope that Junior will carry on as I have carried on, even if I am not here to see. I want him to keep his youthful outlook, to struggle against mistakes, to hold to the ideals that I have held to in his conduct of his own personal life and in the conduct of the studio I have built.

From a business standpoint, my hope for him runs parallel to the hope I have for my business.

There is a large sign at Universal which reads:

"Universal's ambition: To make motion pictures so interesting, distinctive and entertaining that every person in the whole wide world will want to view them."

Beneath it is signed my name.

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The Revolt Against Dietrich

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

No, she cannot talk much about Maria, there is the kidnaping menace. No, she cannot talk about her personal life, it is so silly, so crude of these Americans wanting to know how she works, plays and lives. No, she cannot say much about her latest picture, because Mr. Von Sternberg would not like that. No, no, NO AND NO!

She is openly bored with the business at hand, while the desperate writer struggles valiantly to get just one "quote" for her editor. But the great star shrugs, drags her lovely fingers through a mass of curling copper hair, inhales lustily the essence of tuberose and lets the embarrassed interviewer suffer.

AND then the subservient writer pounds out a story which dresses up the Dietrich rudeness in glamour, her lack of opinions in mystery, her ruthless disregard for the men and women who have pushed her to the heights in picturesque eccentricity.

But revolution is brewing. The latest edict from the Queen has caused rebellious muttering among the serfs. The arrogant manifesto decrees that no one, not even Marlene's coworkers at the Paramount Studio, may contact her directly.

Some writers who, for four years, have extolled Dietrich are now ready to take a nice juicy crack at their former idol in print. I know of half a dozen men and women whose jobs have been jeopardized because they were unable to deliver—after weeks of nerve-racked waiting—a Dietrich interview to their editors.

I know of one girl who saw Dietrich just before the exclusion edict, got little or nothing from the interview, but succeeded in writing a whopping good story. Marlene asked to okay the article. But, instead of being approved, the manuscript was "blue penciled" to such an extent the spineless mess was thrown into a waste-basket. This girl lost a badly needed check and the doors of one publication are closed to her because of the fiasco.

The same writer is now a motion picture critic. I wonder what she has written about the automatic gyrations of Marlene in that baffling union of statues and pageantry, "Scarlet Empress"?

We who have worked beside her find it impossible to reconcile the Dietrich of 1930, who did not think she was important enough to demand a mirror from the prop boy for location work on "Morocco," with the star who now stalks across the lot, eyes straight ahead, with seldom a flicker of recognition for passing studio employees.

HOLLYWOOD blames one man for the regrettable change in Dietrich, and refers to him as "Svengali" Von Sternberg. The charge is that he has made a Trilby of Marlene.

It is true Marlene has gone along believing Von Sternberg a genius, the only man who could guide her to lasting fame. It is true that she permitted him to talk her out of her early enthusiasms and informalities, to cut short several close friendships, to go into a semi-hermit existence. As for the rumors of a mesmeric power he has over her, I give them short shrift. But if it was Von's idea that Marlene should consider herself on a rarefied plane where earthly criticisms, conventionalities and laws cannot touch her, then Dietrich swallowed his dogma without question.

As for her devotion and gratitude to the man who took her out of a Berlin music hall, I'll still give the lovely *fraulein* a hand. This loyalty is one of the few original Dietrich characteristics still visible to the naked eye. Despite all rumors of a split between them, he will direct her again, in "Red Pawn." But should she extend gratitude to the point of endangering her professional career?

Recalling some of those qualities of the pre-royalist era, it is comforting to remember Marlene's former manner of presenting a gift. Her offerings were many and were invariably presented personally, so she might enjoy the surprise and pleasure of her friends. When she ordered flowers for those first Hollywood acquaintances, she delivered them herself, carrying an armful of roses into homes where butlers agitatedly puzzled over such an unprecedented social gesture.

There's no doubt Al Jolson and the Missus (sure, Ruby Keeler) had one grand time during their recent round-the-coast trip.

There is still another recollection of a Marlene longing for her baby Maria during that first separation—the day she caught up a three-year-old child visiting the studio with its aunt (the ill-starred Daisy De Voe, former secretary to Clara Bow). The baby, fascinated by the color, clutched Marlene's costly strand of turquoise beads, breaking it. But Marlene made short of our audible distress. She gathered the beads from the floor, placed them in an envelope and gave them to the child!

Marlene's impulsive generosity has not changed. She still enjoys gift-giving, but now it is done in the manner of a queen deigning to bestow royal favors on deserving subjects. Recently, she heard that her make-up operator had lost a prize wire-haired terrier. She had the dog replaced with another blue ribbon specimen within five hours. She overheard her hair-dresser describing a coveted sports fur coat. The fortunate young lady is now wearing the garment.

COMPARE this with a Dietrich who had the sets of "Scarlet Empress" barred to the press, after an item appeared in a New York tabloid stating that the star was very playful between scenes and did a good job of mimicking her director. It seems it is not politic for the serfs to know the great Dietrich is human to the extent of indulging in nonsense and laughter. There is little doubt that Von Sternberg was in back of this Czarist order, but Marlene is the one who will have to accept the result.

Then there was that mortifying incident on the Paramount lot last April, when several thousand motion picture exhibitors were making a tour of the studio and meeting the stars.

To a man, the players had turned out to say "hello" to what Mae West calls, "The real men in our lives." Dietrich was absent. Excuses were made for her and the delegation was divided into groups of two hundred to be guided over the sets. The irrepressible Texas contingent spied Marlene walking a few yards ahead of them, deep in conversation with Von Sternberg. A young and effervescent owner of a large chain of Southern theaters called, "Hi, Miss Dietrich, turn 'round and say howdy." The cry was taken up by the other Texans, begging for an autograph, even a smile, but Dietrich went on walking—not a backward glance, not even a moment's hesitation. The reactions of a few of our best Southern theater owners cannot be put down on paper.

LEADING drama critics have voiced the opinion that Dietrich's star soon will be on the wane if she is not awakened from the Von Sternberg anesthesia, both off and on the screen. They say her acting in "Scarlet Empress" is that of a puppet.

If this is true, I wonder what Marlene will do. She has made prodigious sums during her stardom, but she has spent a great deal. The rent alone of her Bel-Air home runs into four figures monthly, and there are six servants and two body-guards. She has been lulled in luxury for four years, a luxury made possible by the worship of movie-going America, a worship fanned into a conflagration by the American press.

But what a wanton waste if the Dietrich beauty is permitted to slip into the limbo of forgotten stars. What a stupid sacrifice if she clings to her present mirage of mistakes, and what a blast to the hopes of those who still believe in her if she refuses to recapture the fine shadows of her early good sportsmanship.

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice. Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near

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El Paso, Texas. For some years they have peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG—Paramount

A CROOK comedy-melodrama involving two thieves Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh who, jealous of each other's notoriety and skill, endeavor to prove to each other and to the police their respective superiority in matters of stealing. Good comedy is supplied by Alison Skipworth and Leon Errol. Miss Michael and Cavanagh both do well.

DR. MONICA—Warners

THOUGH slow-moving, this story of the woman doctor (Kay Francis) who wants to have a baby, and cannot, will appeal to feminine audiences. She takes the maternity case of a friend (Jean Muir) only to discover that her own husband (Warren William) is the child's father. Kay has some excellent scenes, and Jean does a fine job, but Warren is wasted in a walk-through rôle.

JANE EYRE—Monogram

THE old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Important in that it brings back Virginia Bruce, breath-takingly beautiful, and reveals a lovely rich voice in the Schubert "Serenade." The story concerns an orphan who becomes a governess in the strange *Rochester* (Colin Clive) household, where an insane wife with a pyromania complex is kept hidden.

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty

FASHIONED with original twists and presented with some unique effects, this interesting enough story serves Neil Hamilton and Miriam Jordan as a very entertaining vehicle. It is a smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce. Neil and Miriam, divorced, become successful lawyers, opposing each other in court over the same subject that disrupted their own marital bliss—mothers-in-law. But it all ends well. Henry Armetta, Claude King, Hardie Albright, Dorothy Appleby.

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British

A PLEASANT little English dialogue film, in which the queen's maid, Lilian Harvey, entrances duke Charles Boyer with a song, while he is temporarily blinded. His various attempts, upon recovery, to find the "voice" that thrilled, make a delightful fantasy.

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.

AN interesting experiment which fails to jell in spots, is this picture with an all-Negro cast. There are moments when it reaches a high point of frenzied sincerity. It is the story of a group of Negroes, torn between their pastor's teaching and lingering racial belief in the old Voodoo woman who casts spells with incantations and drums. Some of the scenes are fascinating, and beautiful voices are heard in spirituals.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox

CERTAINLY the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland doing nothing much besides tiptoeing around in a cook's costume. The story, involved and sleepy-eyed, concerns a string of pearls and the trouble *Chan* had to deliver them. There is a near murder, a real murder, four crooks, a moving picture company on location, and a romance between Donald Woods and Drue Leyton.

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram

THOSE favoring Westerns will be thoroughly entertained by John Wayne's tracking down an outlaw gang led by George Hayes. Lots of action, and good suspense. Alberta Vaughn is the feminine appeal.

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON does his very best in this English farce, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. It's all about a bridegroom being blackmailed on the morning of his wedding. However, everything comes out right in the end, as usual.

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.

DRAMATIZING various conflicts from the very beginning of civilization, William Farnum preaches a powerful sermon on world peace. Through his talk is woven a poorly handled modern tale of tyranny and news censorship, which is interrupted by historical scenes of certain eras, as he refers to them.

THE STAR PACKER—Monogram

DISCOVERING the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy job, but John Wayne gives us an exciting chase and gains his point by outwitting this master criminal who has terrorized the community. Youngsters will be on the edge of their seats every minute. Verna Hillie is the girl.

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.

LOCALE of this mild little yarn is Hawaii, where David Newell, in charge of a sugar plantation, affairs with a native (Mona Maris), but later marries Virginia Cherrill from the States. A cane fire, started while Newell and Hardie Albright are in terrific fistic combat, livens things at the end.

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough

ANOTHER British-made musical that just doesn't hit the bell, despite the comedy efforts of Cicely Courtneidge, popular in England, and Sam Hardy who plays the part of *King Kelly*, a night club owner. Cicely handles the dual rôle of *Kelly's* maid and a famous French actress *Mlle. Zaza.*

THE TELL-TALE HEART—Clifton-Hurst Prod.

THIS gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for timid souls or children. The cast is all English, with Norman Dryden portraying the youth who slowly goes mad, to the point of killing an old man whose ugly eye haunts him. Splendid direction and photography.

THE LOST JUNGLE—Mascot

AFTER an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage, Clyde Beatty takes us to a South Sea isle for still greater thrills. Not an especially strong plot, but it's meat for the youngsters. Cecilia Parker is adequate as Beatty's fiancée.

Child of Scorpio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

wearing a frock of blue sprigged net, a fabric so crisp and Springlike that no woman could look other than young, lithe and sparkling in it. Much of the "little girl" charm that for two decades held Florenz Ziegfeld, the "Great Glorifier" and connoisseur of feminine beauty still shines from her, as she talks calmly of business and its exacting demands and the necessity of starting young, in order not to be left high and dry in later life.

But never once does she make the poignant reminder: "Look at me." It is of Patricia that she speaks; first, last and always of Patricia. The "Baby Pat" so well known on Broadway as her father's idol. The "little girl who had everything."

"The reason I want Patsy to be an executive and not an actress is that she is much like her father. And he was a truly great businessman, you know, although he was so much of an artist, through and through, people were apt to forget his business side. But he had it, and it was one of the sides I loved and admired the most in him, even though he never encouraged me to mix in it—much as I might.

"Patsy had always done well in school," abruptly she turned back to seventeen and its plans. "She has quite a taste for research, chemistry, biology, and so on. After she graduated from school this June, I told her she could go to college. It was her own choice to become associated with William A. McGuire and myself in the production of the life story of her father. She has a rôle in the film, but she is also working in the research end while she masters production technique. Meantime, she is working hard on her stenography. That will help her, wherever she works. I can hardly expect her to be just a housewife, can I? Patsy has always lived on Broadway, you see."

No, one could hardly expect the young Patricia to take to darning socks, straight

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from that background of tulle, light, color, scenery. Nor with entire ease can one vision her at a typewriter, clicking out: "Dear Sirs: I have yours of the tenth . . ."

"Her father wanted her to be a good trouper always. That was what he was always teaching her. He was always watching for evidences of talent in her.

"Yes, we did think of the stage for Patsy, once. She had her taste of the stage young—as early as fourteen—in 'The Truth Game,' for its short run in Baltimore. That was in 1931. And I hope she has the Ziegfeld talent and administrative ability. The stars say so, anyway. Patsy is a child of Scorpio, you know. That brings her very close to her father's Aries, and it may be why they were so crazy about each other."

According to Miss Burke's explanation, executive ability of the highest order, great tenacity of purpose and tremendous will power enable the children of Scorpio to reach any goal they may espouse. If this were so, in Patricia's case it would seem logical enough that it should be the theater and the business life of the theater.

"The business end of production has such perfectly tremendous opportunities now. Even though advancement may seem slow to Patsy, when it comes it should be of the permanent order. I figure it will take at least five years for her to find herself, but that ought not to be too high a price to pay. Patsy is only seventeen."

"But aren't you forgetting one rather important thing, Miss Burke?" I asked. "Patricia may marry, and upset all these plans. Have you never thought of that?"

"Patricia marry? No, I haven't thought of that!" Her tone was the subtly hostile tone mothers will use when they talk of their children marrying. "No, no, that will not be possible in Patricia's case—until many years hence, when she has launched her own career, made her own place in the world. She has no right to think of marriage until then," Patsy's mother insisted firmly. "To do so, she would have to slight either her husband or her career. To mix the two is impossible. That was recognized even in my day. I had to give my promise to Charles Frohman that I wouldn't marry for five years, after he gave me my first chance. And I kept my word."

Now spoke Billie Burke, the good trouper who, with the body of her idolized husband lying in state, had agreed "the picture must go on." She did not stop to shed one tear until her part in that picture was completed.

"But that promise you made Mr. Frohman —after all, wasn't that before?" I suggested.

"Before?"

"Before that masked ball of New Year's Eve, 1913, when you first met Mr. Ziegfeld?" I was well up on my Burke memoirs. "And the moment he stepped into the room your heart fairly stopped. You were ready to collapse in a faint. You haven't forgotten all that?"

"I've forgotten nothing! Except your tea, I'm afraid." I was facing a perfectly poised, correct hostess in her salon. "How will you have it, cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, if you please." I tried to sound just as composed. And so Billie Burke gave me tea, and we talked of this and that.

My hour was up. "Thanks a lot and goodbye." I was outside the Burke door.

"Wait!" A slender, white hand was on my arm. A pair of blue eyes, blazing like California sun through midsummer storm. "I want to ask one little favor," Billie Burke was whispering. "Whatever you write, don't speak of me as Flo Ziegfeld's widow. Say I'm his wife, more than ever his wife, now he's not here. That I'd rather have had these nineteen years with him than the grandest stage career in all the world. I take it all back, all. Patricia not marry? No, no. Certainly she must marry!

"I wouldn't have her miss what I've had, not an hour or a thrill of it. No matter what else she has or doesn't have, she must have that—love. It's all there is, really." Her voice broke. "The one thing truly glorious!"

Hollywood Buys A Duck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

eyes on the audience out front, and just imagined I was on a vaudeville stage and not in a broadcasting studio. I used all my regular gestures and pantomimes and *ad libbed* when I felt like it. After the broadcast I beat it.

"The next morning I was walking up Broadway—just like usual, only it was different. People kept coming up to me—people I didn't know—saying 'Boy, you were grand.' 'You wowed 'em, Penner.' 'That was a good job, Joe'—and all that kind of stuff. Gee, I couldn't believe it! I had wowed 'em! And, you know, I still can't believe it!

"Then they put me on my own program. That was last October. And, boy, was I scared! The day of the first broadcast dawned, and I couldn't even talk—my throat was all tight and lumpy. I went over to the studio a couple of hours early, to try to collect myself before we went on the air. When the broadcast was over, I slipped out and crawled into a cab and hurried home to Eleanor—that's my wife. She'd stayed home to listen. People said it was good. But I wasn't sure. Several weeks went by—with a broadcast once a week —and still I couldn't tell if I was wowing 'em.

"Then, all of a sudden, stuff began to pour in—fan mail by the bushel, requests for pictures, congratulatory telegrams and—*ducks!* Stuffed ones, live ones, rare ones, freak ones, toy ones—hundreds and hundreds of ducks. At about the same time, people began saying, 'Ohhhh, you na-a-a-sty man!' Or, 'You silly citizen!' And I knew I had caught on. But, gee, you know, I *still* can't believe it.

Before Joe left New York, I asked him how he felt about going to Hollywood.

"Gosh! I'm thrilled as a kid! We're going by boat. I haven't been on a boat since 1914, when I was nine years old and my grandfather brought me over to America. I was born in Hungary, you know. I promised Eleanor I'd take her to Hungary this summer and show her where I used to live. Then this chance came—so we're going to Hollywood instead!"

"Don't you and Mrs. Penner get worried," I asked him, "going out to Hollywood where so many happy marriages hit the rocks?"

He looked surprised, as if the idea had never occurred to him. "Aw, no! Eleanor and I—we aren't like that. Nothing could happen to our marriage. We're just ordinary people, and we don't care about a gay time or chasing around with the big shots."

Eleanor Vogt was a dancer in a show that Joe played in. Like most of the show people, Eleanor didn't think much of Joe at first. She watched his act from the wings, and razzed him when he came off. But then, the show got stranded in St. Louis over Christmas, and her folks lived there, so Eleanor invited Joe down to the house for Christmas dinner. They were married the following November—1928.

"No siree," Joe repeated, "Hollywood couldn't make any difference as far as Eleanor and I are concerned! Besides, I'm not going to play any love stuff in the movies. No-o-o-o-o. I think it's a mistake for comedians to try to hold up the love interest of a picture. They're supposed to be funny, not romantic. I don't want to be a movie hero. I just want to be comedy relief. See? I'm not good looking enough for love stuff, anyhow. But I think I'll be able to put my comedy over in the movies, because there's so much pantomime to it.

"Only trouble is, I can't ever rehearse right. Four years ago when I made those two-reelers I would learn my lines, then in rehearsal I just walked through the part. It wasn't until the cameras began to grind that I could really 'turn on.' Then I would say to myself, 'This is the real goods! Whatever you do now goes down on celluloid, and the people sitting out front in movie houses are going to see it!' Gee! Then I could get going. But not in rehearsal. Same way with radio. I've had sponsors and directors say to me at a rehearsal, 'That's flat, Penner. Is that the way you're going to do it on the air?' 'Heck, no!' I always tell them. 'Just leave it to me. I'll be okay when I can see some people out in front!' "

PART of the secret of Penner's success is his spontaneity. Even on the air he changes lines or adds gags as he goes along. All of his famous gag lines have happened spontaneously. On the vaudeville stage he used to wise-crack, Wanna buy a rhinosonomous?" Or, "Wanna, buy an ash barrel?" The lines usually got a laugh. But one day, out of a clear sky, he said, "Wanna buy a duck?" And the audience howled. He repeated the line again before he left the stage, and it got a bigger laugh the second time. He was playing in Birmingham, Alabama, in a small theater, and his dressing-room had windows that opened on the street. After his performance he went into his dressing-room to rest. As the people poured out of the theater he heard youngsters yelling at each other, "Wanna buy a duck?" He's used the gag ever since.

The thing that pleases him most about his stuff is that it appeals so universally to children. "That's why I try hard to keep my humor clean," he says.

Penner is the only outstanding radio comedian who didn't make a big reputation on the stage before he went on the air. Will Rogers, Durante, Cantor, Ed Wynne—all of them were nationally known stage successes before they ever faced the mike.

He is also one of the few "big names" who made a hit without any help. He had no build-up, no elaborate publicity or advertising. He went over simply because the public heard him and liked him.

Success hasn't changed him—he still has the same manager, the same agent, the same song writer he had when he was playing small-time vaudeville.

"I'm working hard now and cashing in while I can," he says. "I probably won't last long. You see, I'm not really great. Maybe the public will tire of me before long, and I'll lose my popularity. But, gee, while it lasts, it's grand! And I *still* can't believe it!"

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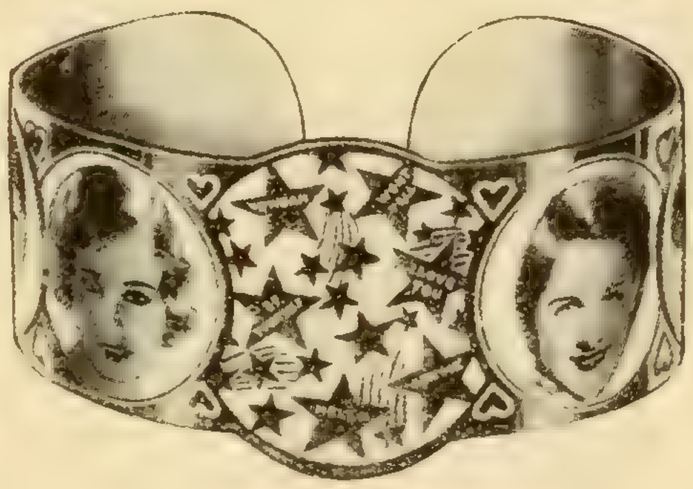

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How to Be Naughty But Nice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

means so much when her lips say so little, sums up the entire answer. It was that sparkle, and the same sparkle in her voice, that made the playboys of Paris cable frantically to New York for American Beauty roses to shower her with—and, believe it or not, that sparkle came from the Quaker town of Philadelphia.

IT was that same sparkle which made two young French women see Jeanette's performance twenty-seven consecutive times in Paris, each time to wait outside the stage door with a home-picked bouquet and scold the *gendarmes* for letting the crowd get so close that they threatened to crush their favorite. Jeanette's sparkle is as much for women as for men. Both sexes on both continents idolize her.

In London Jeanette knows a middle-aged woman cook. She knows her because one day, while an English crowd was virtually mobbing Jeanette in her car, they almost crushed a little old lady in a bonnet, who had inadvertently gotten in the middle of them. Seeing the old lady's danger, Jeanette quickly opened the door of her car and pulled her inside. This action, unknown to Jeanette, was seen by the middle-aged cook.

"I never thought much of Americans, and still less of American movie actresses," the cook wrote to Jeanette shortly afterward, "but the kindness I saw you do that old lady has changed my opinion altogether. I know you are famous and I am only a cook, but I know that even famous actresses sometimes get to the place where they need money. I have a little—not much—saved up, and I wanted to tell you that it is for you any time you want it. If you are sick or anything and cannot come to me, I will come to you wherever you are."

When Jeanette went to Europe they had a wild newspaper story over there that she had had an affair with a prince on the Riviera, and that the prince's wife had found out about it and disfigured her. Jeanette's personal appearance proved that she was not disfigured. Then the newspapers claimed that she was in reality her sister, and Jeanette knew only one way to prove that she was herself.

She sang "Beyond the Blue Horizon" from "Monte Carlo."

The public feeling, which might have condemned the imaginary affair with the prince, turned to wild acclaim. After her first performance she was the toast of Paris. She sang, and sang—and the mobs up in the highest galleries yelled for more.

IN London the swells in the stalls and the costermongers in the balconies yelled, "More! More!"

"I loved it!" said Jeanette. "Don't ever let anyone tell you that the English aren't enthusiastic. At times, I believe, they are even more enthusiastic than Americans."

Jeanette is very proud of being American. She has assumed no European mannerisms—never a trace of a broad *a*, or any attempt to be anything but herself. That makes her all the more proud of her European triumph. Her pictures are more popular over there than any other films that the theaters can buy; they even revive her old ones in preference to showing the new ones of other stars. That is why

she has made "The Merry Widow" at M-G-M simultaneously in English and French.

Ernst Lubitsch, who has directed Jeanette and Maurice Chevalier, together again in this picture, knows all about Jeanette's being naughty but nice. Himself a European and generally conceded to be the master hand at naughty-niceness on the screen, he insisted upon Jeanette playing the rôle even over Chevalier's loudly publicized protests. And he sat in his office, chewing his cigar, until he got her.

"JEANETTE has just what it takes to make the widow merry," was the way he put it. "Without her, she would be a sad widow indeed."

Herr Lubitsch, incidentally, is the gentleman responsible for the rather daring experiment of rewriting the lyrics of all the songs in the picture to bring them up to date, at the same time making Jeanette wear a tightly-laced corset to fit the period. The music, of course, remains the same.

But that "what it takes" is merely Lubitsch's phrase for Jeanette's ability to appear naughty without sacrificing a whit of her niceness. Those changeable green eyes of hers, that easy, natural grace, and that vital something, which makes her the only American actress who actually convinces you she *is* a European princess.

Anything crude, vulgar, or even suggestive is as foreign to her as a person as it is to her rôles on the screen. One of the biggest professional battles Jeanette ever had was over a picture made at another studio which, wholly against her wishes, stressed the naughtiness.

"Sophistication—real sophistication—is out of the question if a girl is to try to be both naughty and nice at the same time," she said. "Without that disarming innocence she becomes simply naughty, or even obviously off-color."

It is a peculiar naïvete which prevents Jeanette herself from becoming sophisticated; perhaps the sincerity and simplicity which she inherited from her Welsh mother. Her father was Scotch. And maybe it is easier to understand that twinkle in her eyes when she admits she has some Irish in her somewhere. After London, Paris, several years on the stage and several more in the studios—all centers of sophistication—Jeanette has acquired a knowledge of the world and its ways, but has not lost her enthusiasm while acquiring it.

"I still get as big a kick out of everything as I ever did," she tells us. "And I don't think a girl who has become blasé can possibly have the same sort of appeal she had when things were new to her. They don't thrill her any more, and consequently she loses her charm to thrill others. There is something about the freshness of youth, about the niceness of youth, that no amount of naughtiness can replace."

PLAIN naughtiness, says Jeanette, is always ugly. It is only when combined with niceness that the naughtiness is piquant like a spice and tickles the world's sensibilities in exactly the same way. And she says that the naughtiness more or less comes natural to most of us; in other words, there will be just enough of it if people just keep on trying their hardest to keep on being nice.

For the rest, forty million Frenchmen and a hundred and twenty million Americans can't be wrong—not to mention a few million Britishers. Jeanette MacDonald is both naughty and nice; she couldn't be half as nice if she weren't just as naughty, and she couldn't be so naughty if she weren't so nice.

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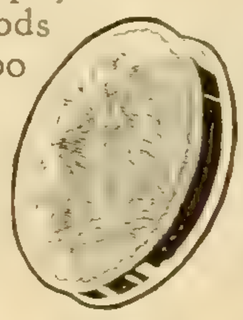

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TATTOO

The Smile That Hides A Tear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

isn't sorry she has come. Somehow, she feels she has grown closer to her father just by coming. Now, his work will be her work and she feels she can take his place and carry on.

With the arrival of Mady Christians in Hollywood, we find the rarest of all things—a new type. There is no one quite like her in the movie colony. Which is a relief, heaven knows, from the numerous Garbo and Hepburn and Dietrich doubles that hit town. She's tall, even above average height, and frankly hefty. Her imitations of certain producers wringing their hands and wildly exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Miss Christians, you must reduce. You've just gotta get thinner," is a riot in itself. And I doubt very much if she has even the slightest notion of starving herself into the usual semi-coma.

FOR one thing, she laughs almost constantly. There's a gay, infectious something about her that hints of Vienna and London and other exciting places—places where she has lived and known gay, exciting people.

Her hair is naturally blonde and even naturally curly. Her eyes are an astonishingly childlike blue.

But it's her mouth, a big, sensitive, beautiful mouth that so obviously reveals the hurt she bore so bravely, but never quite got over, in the death of her father.

In direct contrast to so many boys and girls who come to Hollywood and fight like wildcats to become celebrities, Mady has lived all her life with the famous. Her mother was a celebrated opera singer and, of course, there was her father. In fact, her earliest recollection was of women, some young, some old, some lovely, some homely, bribing her with boxes of chocolates to get her father's autograph for them.

It was the hidden chocolates and resulting upset "tummy" that finally persuaded her famous parents that a convent was best, perhaps, for little Mady.

Mady didn't mind the convent. In fact, she loved having children to push over. Naturally she was punished for it, but good grief! there they were and, as she had never before played with children, she thought it only right to do the thing that brought from them the loudest howls. So she pushed them over.

SOME years later, when her father took over the Irving Place Theater in New York in which to present a series of German plays, Mady crossed to New York and remained several years.

She begged, wept and stormed to be allowed to act in one of her father's plays. "Well, of course, Mady," her father said, "you know you are more than a little like an elephant, don't you?" Which didn't bother her in the least. Elephant or no, she wanted to act. Finally he gave her a mere bit and then next day, after her performance, told her plainly but kindly that she would make a marvelous Viennese cook. But never an actress.

Did it daunt her? You don't know Mady. She actually inveigled her father into giving her a letter to Max Reinhardt, the great producer in Germany. And when the war broke out, she and her mother hied themselves to Germany and Max.

"What are your qualifications?" he demanded. "Why should I admit you to my school?"

"I was one of the biggest actresses on the New York stage," Mady assured him, which in one sense was right.

"What have you played in?" he asked.

Mady rattled off a list of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Molière and others.

"Very well," he shrugged. "Appear before the board the day after tomorrow and let us hear you." And here was a pretty kettle of fish, for she didn't know a line of any of them. Not a word.

DID it stop her? You still don't know Mady. She memorized passages by the yard and appeared right on time before a straight-faced, stony-hearted board, who watched her coldly as she ranted and recited.

And looked at her as if to say, "So this is all that comes from Rudolph Christians, tck, tck."

At last Reinhardt spoke. "Not good but loud," he said, and to her utter amazement, accepted her in his school.

But the trouble was, as soon as he gave Mady a part with Ernst Lubitsch, a fine character actor in those days, or some other noted player, she became so engrossed in watching him that she forgot her cues. It was awful and Lubitsch could have killed her.

But Reinhardt didn't lose faith. He chose her from all the school to play *Portia.* It was just at this time that her father was in Hollywood. She cabled him the news. But he never heard how Mady walked out on a Berlin stage and brought tears to all eyes because she, Rudolph's daughter, the child of their idol, was also a fine artist.

He died the day she made her début.

After a tremendous success on the Continent, she was sent for to make an English movie.

"You speak English, of course?" they asked.

"Of course," she replied.

It nearly knocked them silly. "Of all the goofy questions," she grinned. And that finished them.

"Miss Christians," they said, "we are delighted to find you speak such priceless New York slang, but you must learn to talk English. What you are speaking is New Yorkese with an awful twang."

SO she unlearned New York and learned English, softening her vowels. She now speaks, to her amusement, very precise English.

And there isn't a trace of German accent except when she gets excited.

She has had her successes on the New York stage, and now Hollywood has her for its own. It is fond of this grand person who takes time and effort to write in a little note-book the name of every studio employee with whom she comes in contact, and opposite each name lists little mannerisms and habits. These she memorizes, so she won't call Mr. Strickling, Mr. Wheelwright. Or Mr. Locan, Mr. Wiles. Or Rose, Mary.

And unless I miss my guess, the public will soon be taking Mady (which is really short for Margaret) for their own when they see her in her first M-G-M movie, "Wicked Woman." For she came to Hollywood with a great heartache which she is hiding under smiles.

Rubbing Elbows With The Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

an aisle seat. Maybe I looked Greta Garboish, I don't know, but Maurice, sitting right in front of me, turned around and that lower lip shot out in a big smile of greeting. I smiled right back. Just before the picture was ended, however, I stole out into the night. That's what Garbo would have done . . . and that's what I had to do so he wouldn't know I wasn't Garbo.

Item two: Having heard tell that "20th Century" was simply goofy and lots of fun, I gathered up my best boy friend and trotted down to see it. I loved it, but what was even more exciting than the picture itself was the exit, from the row ahead again, of Claudette Colbert. With her was tall Pat de Cicco, whose picturesque name once belonged to the golden Thelma Todd.

I choked down my pride, summoned rudeness and stared her up and down. The results of which are, to wit: A white felt mannish sports hat with brown band; a tailor-made white polo coat fitting superbly; brown and white sports shoes; plenty of rouge, and bangs.

I not only ogled her, I followed her right out of the theater to the street. She stopped in front of a billboard that read, "The Hit Picture Since 'It Happened One Night.'" I am moved to remark that this tickled the fair lady no little. Which isn't, after all, so surprising.

Episode number three: Nancy Carroll, one of my pals, came down the aisle with a young man and stood there, helplessly looking for a seat in the packed house. The usher led them to the only vacancies there were . . . two seats all equipped for the deaf and dumb!

MEET Mary Caroline, my dear Joan, the fair young daughter of the Belle of the South, Dorothy Jordan, and Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio. The whole family just returned from Honolulu, where the wee person made her début.

I was interested in seeing her wardrobe, so it was thrown open for my inspection. A tiny, half-finished petticoat, folded away amidst the magnificence, caught my eye. Dorothy had started to make it, sister Mary explained (Dot was out of the room), but never having handled a needle before in all her life, she finally gave up in despair. Mary rescued it from the wastebasket and there it was.

Now Dorothy, before she was married and lived down at the beach across the street from my sister, used to always wither us with glib recitations of what she was studying. She was always studying, that one. It made us feel that our own lives were wasted and futile. Now, announced Mary with a gleam in her eye, the very next time Dorothy gets academic she'll just wave that half-finished slip and wither her.

ONE of my pet tricks is to eat my heart out looking at jewelry that I can't afford. But I do enjoy myself, just picturing they were mine, so I went into a shop where a lot of very special movie jewelry gets sold, and had a look around.

I noticed a handsome smoking set. It consisted of cigarette holder, match case and cigarette case. It was all in ebony, set in diamonds in a cobra design. The jeweler told me it had belonged to Rudolph Valentino, who

She always thought Dull teeth were Natural

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FILM mars the loveliness of teeth. It is the greatest single cause of tooth decay. And, if you use ordinary brushing methods, you may not escape this dangerous film, which forms constantly on everyone's teeth.

There is now one *best* way to keep your teeth free of film. Laboratory tests and scientific facts indicate that way is Pepsodent—known as the special film-removing tooth paste. For, of all other leading methods, none other equally safe, removes film so thoroughly. The cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent is alone responsible. This film-removing material is *twice* as *soft* as the polishing materials used in other leading tooth pastes—many times as soft as that in leading tooth powders. Yet the way it removes film and cleans teeth is indeed impressive.

This polishing agent is contained exclusively in Pepsodent. That's why Pepsodent is really different. It works in a different way to give different results. When Pepsodent is so safe, so certain, how can you afford to entrust the care of *your* teeth to "hit or miss" methods or bargain dentifrices? Mail coupon for generous trial tube. Watch results! We believe you will want to use Pepsodent regularly twice a day thereafter. And be sure to see your dentist at least twice a year.

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IT'S your eyes that a man looks at first . . . and last . . . and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW, IMPROVED *Kurlash*

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Remove Superfluous Hair

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"It leaves the skin like velvet"

35c, 3 for $1.00

If your dealer does not have Velvet Mittens, order from

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had it specially made in Paris. It was being offered for sale by his brother, and George Raft seemed the likely customer at the moment. It seems perfect for George, doesn't it?

Cobras, the jeweler explained to my awe-struck ears, had a mysterious influence in Valentino's life. He could handle them without any danger, and he had a call that actually brought them slithering up to his feet.

I've been very outdoorsey of late. Nature asserting itself. So let me tell you about the fairy-story type of garden that Mrs. Jack Warner has. Four terraces reach to the house way up high. There are swimming pools, tennis courts and the like scattered over the different levels. A profusion of woodland flowers peek at you from everywhere and a big, exciting waterfall cascades down under three little rustic bridges, into the lower garden and forms a pool where water-lilies live. Poetic, no?

I WAS there recently at a charity fete and it was a very gay looking crowd that attended. Booths housing fortune-tellers, handwriting experts and similar entertainers were well patronized. There were lots of wheels of chance, and under a great tent the Tango paraphernalia was set up. At least three hundred were sitting around the circular table paying their bit, in this pleasant way, for charity.

Mrs. Warner, in powder blue dress and big navy taffeta hat (I mustn't forget the pair of scrumptious orchids on her shoulder) was having a grand time. So were Doris and Mervyn LeRoy. (Doris is Mrs. Warner's niece, she that had the big wedding.)

I dunked the new bathing suit, first time, in Mrs. Louis B. Mayer's pool. 'Twas at a charming little birthday luncheon she gave for a young niece. The outdoors was the setting, and a very smart eyeful it is. Stunning aqua marine blue and white leather and iron porch furniture is scattered about, and the floor is pure white marble.

Around one side of the house is a splendid garden filled with exotic plants. Everything is dominated by a striking carved well spouting water from a lion's head. This was brought from Italy by W. R. Hearst and presented to the Mayers as a little token of his esteem!

Under gay aqua marine blue and white fringed umbrellas were the luncheon tables. Lunch, my pet, was Something! Soup, squabs, salad, heavenly dessert and champagne, even. The melon cocktail was served in scooped out orange baskets with tiny silver bells tied on the handles. Later, the butler brought in a big doll, the lamp variety, dressed in green ruffled skirts trimmed with white balls. The skirt was made of crisp lettuce and the white balls were cheese stuck on tooth-picks, which we, following the leader, plucked out of the lady. The tidbit went with the elegant tomato *mousse* that followed. Cute?

And speaking of lettuce, Billie Burke eats loads of it. Keeps that fresh complexion.

With some it's lettuce, with some it's rouge, and with some it's love! I think that last is what accounted for the happy face on Mae Clarke when I saw her in a restaurant on a Thursday night (cook's night out). She and a most attentive escort were making goo-goo eyes at each other. She looked simply adorable in a large black hat, with her hair fluffed around her face for a change, and a soft-colored red dress with a high neck to it. Maybe, on the other hand, it wasn't love at all. That emotion's supposed to affect the appetite, isn't it? Well, there was nothing left of their steak and potatoes when I peeked over the booth twenty minutes later.

I had a special night that night. I went to see Will Rogers do "Ah Wilderness" in the flesh. That was something. I enjoyed every minute of the play and nearly bursted a suspender laughing at his curtain-call remarks. Said he's been in about every line of entertainment. Musical comedy, talkies, vaudeville, circuses—now the legitimate drama. Next, he guessed he'd have to get into Congress!

Yours,
MITZI.

Will Outwits the Sexy Fellows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

can ride over it." Despite his wealth, deep in his veins runs the true, down-to-earth neighborliness that made "Old Hickory" Jackson and the yarn-spinning Abe Lincoln so dear to the hearts of this country.

Like them, he hates pretense. Destroys humbug. Like them he's just folks. If he doesn't like something, he tells the world about it. And we sit back and cheer the guy who has the nerve to say what we're scared to.

There's one bogus impression of Will Rogers I must first destroy—that he can't be interviewed. The quotes in this article are genuine, though Rogers really does not grant interviews very often in Hollywood. Not so much that Will minds being quoted—but he objects to being misquoted.

The quickest way to arouse his dander is to tell him you've heard he doesn't talk to reporters because he can sell his jokes. When he goes on the road for lectures, he receives reporters. And he talks. His American sense of fair play rules these interviews. He gives everyone the same thing. Doesn't play favorites with the paper that runs his column.

Back in Hollywood Rogers is more reticent. Perhaps he dislikes the silly questions hurled at movie stars. Or perhaps it's the sentiment he voiced when he said: "When I die, I'm going to have on my tombstone: 'Here lies Will Rogers—not responsible for all the bum gags the publicity department has pinned on me.' "

What kind of a man is this? To continue, Will, or—as he is known to his friends—Bill, will be fifty-five on November fourth. He was born in Oolagah, Indian territory, and a thing of which he is very proud is the Rogers Hotel in his home town, Claremore, Oklahoma.

He's kind of leathery and weatherbeaten, weighs two hundred pounds in the raw (which surprises most folks). Nobody tries to push him around. The only one that ever succeeded was a ferocious steer, which left a twelve-inch scar on his waist. "He was a tough baby," comments Rogers.

He has a blue suit and a brown one and his pressing bills are the lowest in the nation. He wears these suits on the road or to parties. Will may wear a dress suit in an occasional picture, but away from the studio his greatest concession to Hollywood style is to button

up his shirt and wear a black bow tie with a dark coat.

In Hollywood you're likely to see him sliding from behind the wheel of his car and ducking into a lunch stand for a bowl of chili and beans. At such a time he looks like a cow-hand—with boots, blue dungarees, open shirt, and probably a leather jacket. When he balks at posing for still pictures, the photographer usually quiets Rogers by promising a dish of chili.

LIKE most Americans, Rogers is an indulgent father. He's proud of his son, Will, Jr., who's going to Stanford, and of son Jimmy, who attends a boys' school about thirty miles from Los Angeles.

Like their father, they're polo enthusiasts. Rogers admits to no favorites, though he may be soft on Jimmy.

"When it comes to picking the horses, Jimmy usually gets his choice," observes Rogers. "And whatever horses he gets he usually makes them look the best."

He's also proud of daughter Mary, who looks more like a movie star than her father. When she recently returned from a road tour with "Reunion in Vienna," he was asked what he thought of her going on the stage.

"What has a parent got to say about anything like that?" he parried. "I'm in the same business."

While at home any place, he's not too keen on fashionable society. One Sunday, on the pitch and putt golf course on his Santa Monica Canyon ranch, Mary Rogers' niblick drove a ball between the eyes of a young social light and stretched him out cold on the turf.

The next day Rogers was absent, in the city, until night. His family figured he must have been busy buying some sort of guest insurance. But when Mary unwrapped the package her father brought home, she found it contained a dozen new drivers.

Rogers is a restless individual with the spirit of the pioneer cowboy surging through his blood. He never has to stop and think up something to do next. There are always a dozen things he'd like to do. Some years ago he barnstormed about the country, lecturing in sixty cities in as many nights.

After completing a picture last summer he jumped off to Europe and flew through Asia. In the middle of a production, he's just as likely as not to hop an airplane for an appearance on Sunday, thousands of miles away, and show up for work on the dot Monday.

His latest excursion in quest of adventure left Hollywood breathless. Stifling a desire to take a ten weeks' airplane tour of Russia and Africa, he announced his intention of essaying his first dramatic stage rôle—that of the father in the West Coast presentation of Eugene O'Neill's great play, "Ah, Wilderness."

CYNICS tried to imagine Rogers improving on Eugene O'Neill's lines. He killed that thought quickly. "I wouldn't think of trying to change a word."

Rogers explained that his return to the stage is a fulfillment of a long restrained desire.

"I want to get back, just for a while. Getting back on the stage now and then is good for a person; it keeps them on their toes.

"Some people can't figure me playing any part that George M. Cohan played. But, as a matter of fact, this 'Ah, Wilderness' in some ways is just like lots of pictures I've made. It's about a plain family man and his troubles, not a lot different from *David Harum*.

"I don't know whether I can get away with

This is something for every beauty to read

IF you enjoy Double Mint gum every day, you are making use of one of the best little beauty ideas that Nature has to pass out. The chewing helps you to keep the muscles of your face youthful and the contour of your chin and cheek line delightfully young. The reason is simply that Soft Food does not offer enough chewing. Thus, flabbiness appears, which is the first sign of age and lost beauty. Double Mint gum is therefore a very wonderful beauty aid.

Avoid Laxatives That Constipate!

Ever hear of "cathartic constipation?" Some laxatives cause it. They work by irritating the membranes of the digestive tract —and when taken regularly lose their effect. Soon the laxative-constipation habit has you in its grip!

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it — always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle — but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve — permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water — is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish — get results within an hour — and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces), 25c — large bottles (3 times the quantity), 50c. At all druggists.

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

it, or whether I'll be a flop, but I'm certainly going to try it for all I'm worth."

And just to show he is worth plenty, he packed theaters like they haven't been packed on the Pacific Coast in years.

But because he won't improve on O'Neill, don't imagine he follows scripts *verbatim*. His pet abomination is what he calls "A B C directors—the kind who want you to stick in every comma, if and but. I won't do it. It isn't natural. People don't talk that way in real life."

ROGERS' penchant for improving scripts demoralized Peggy Wood, featured with him in "Handy Andy." She had been used to memorizing her lines ahead of time. But with Rogers she gave up.

"I don't even look at my lines until an hour or two before I'm going to speak them, because Will Rogers is quite likely to speak lines the scenarist never thought of. That makes me change my dialogue. If I get definitely 'up' on certain lines, I can't just forget them and say something else.

"So I just wait and hear what Will says and then try to fit the script's dialogue to it. The result is sparklingly fresh conversation. No one else in the world but Will Rogers could do it."

Rogers, on the spur of the moment, invented one of the best laughs in "Handy Andy." Coming to him in jail, the script called for Peggy Wood to say: "I've got to get you out."

"Get me out," *ad libbed* Rogers, with a look that suggested it was unnecessary: "I've already whittled out my gun."

Again, during the same picture, he was supposed to be taking golf lessons. The professional grabbed Rogers' arm during the course of the swing. Turning to him, Rogers improvised: "I had no idea golf was such an affectionate game."

Rogers' independence makes him stand out as one of the few persons Hollywood hasn't been able to train.

He has simplified the picture acting business to the point where he makes it appear ridiculously easy. He doesn't bother with rehearsals. He doesn't study dialogue.

He doesn't use a dressing-room. If clothes are to be changed, he does it in his car or behind a set.

The only thing that makes him fighting mad is to be around a set with nothing to do. He doesn't mind reporting for work on time but he dislikes being called at an early hour and then waiting — sometimes an unavoidable situation.

He economizes on time by sleeping anywhere, any time, and waking up with a wisecrack.

His office is the portable typewriter he carries in his car. While waiting on the set, he reads every paper from cover to cover.

Between noon and two o'clock he concentrates more intently, and at that time writes his column for the newspapers. If he's busy, he sometimes puts it off to four—but not often.

Rogers remembers his better jokes. When this writer commented on his favorite, "The way to cure the traffic problem is to keep off the streets the automobiles that ain't paid for," he smiled appreciatively and replied: "And I liked the one, 'This country may need a good five cent cigar, but it also needs a place where man can park his car.' "

Though one of "us folks," Rogers' favorite diversion is the millionaire pastime, polo. His penchant for this game, and for flying, has given the Fox studio officials gray hairs. But they're helpless before the stubborn determination of Rogers to do as he pleases.

HIS love of horses, dating back to his cowboy days, led him into polo. He had borrowed two horses from J. A. Wigmore, Cleveland millionaire and polo enthusiast, to enter a goat roping contest.

When Rogers tried to buy the horses, Wigmore refused, saying he could have the ponies if he'd come to Midwick and learn to play "stick and ball."

Rogers' interest, once aroused, never waned. He now has a polo field and could have a three goal ranking if he desired.

It is Rogers' opinion that in the not too distant future, polo will become as popular as baseball is today.

"Of course, it isn't easy for a great many boys to pay what it costs to get the right kind of horses, but we're steadily getting more and more polo players in the country, and the

Just one more move out of Shirley Temple, and Baby LeRoy is going to start throwing things! He was having a good time by himself, playing with *all* the chessmen at once, when Shirley horned in

game some day will be within the reach of almost everyone."

During the filming of "Handy Andy," he took one of the worst spills of the season, though he discounted the seriousness of his fall at the Riviera Field.

"I bumped into another rider, and it threw me off balance. I knew I was going overboard, so I tried to step off just like you do in a pony express change and I thought maybe I could keep my feet. I was wrong."

Rogers rolled over and over, the horse's feet miraculously missing him. Will got up, ran after his mount, played the rest of the game, scoring five goals to star in his team's victory.

AS an onlooker later, he saw Cecil Smith, Texas player, knocked from his horse when the ball struck his knee. As Smith lay still for a long time on the far side of the field, a man turned to Rogers and said, "Think he broke his leg, Mr. Rogers?"

"Dunno," replied Rogers. "Take a pretty good doctor to tell that from here."

With all his activities, picture making, radio, writing and traveling, Rogers leads a well ordered life—despite the countless requests for him to act as toastmaster at banquets. He ducks all he can, but every time he sees a publicity man coming he calls, "Whar's the benefit?"

Rogers really has Hollywood baffled. It's scared he won't come and scared he will. He doesn't spare anyone. But in banquet speeches he carries on as always, hewing to the line that has brought him success—striving to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the least number of words.

A lot of folks have attempted to match wits with the sage of Santa Monica Canyon to their regret. At a recent Chamber of Commerce banquet in Beverly Hills, the "ex-mayor" of that community was the victim of considerable ribbing by the speakers, including Frank Merriam, Lieutenant-Governor of California. Merriam complained that Rogers' conversation with a lady at his right made it difficult for other guests to hear what Merriam was saying.

"I apologize," said Rogers mildly. "You see I was just asking the lady on my right who was the distinguished speaker, and she did not know so she had to ask the party next to her, and it went on that way all around the table. You'll just have to blame it all on the ignorance of the guests as to the identity of the distinguished speaker."

If Rogers accepted every invitation to speak that he receives, he wouldn't even have breakfast to himself. But despite his many refusals, particularly to those whom he thinks are attempting to capitalize on his name, he makes a surprising number of appearances. And he works tirelessly to give a perfect performance.

THOUGH it isn't generally known, Will Rogers almost lost his life as a result of a trip to Pomona to address some high school baseball players. On the way home, tired from his drive and picture work, he went to sleep at the wheel. He woke up with a start and found his car off the road, its radiator against an embankment on the side.

But such a narrow escape doesn't mean so much to Rogers. At fifty-four he's as young as any boy of eighteen—just as eagerly excited about his next airplane trip, polo game, or long drive.

For some time a magazine has been after Rogers to write his biography.

"Pshaw," he says, "I'm too young to write the story of my life."

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"WOMEN are so fascinating at middle age," mused a scientist, "how wonderful it would be if they could possess the added allurement of true girlhood skin!"

The thought challenged him. This scientist knew that young skin contains a natural, softening substance, which makes it glamorously attractive. "Why not put into a face cream this vital substance old skins lack," pondered the scientist. "Maybe then . . . who knows?"

That's what he did. The remarkable results became evident when women tried this new creation. Their skins grew radiantly clearer. Tiny wrinkles began to smooth out. Old, dry skin gained a new, animated freshness.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural, skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol.* It is essential to every living cell. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol.* That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream, feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. Coupon brings free 10-days' supply.

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The Man You Want

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

"Women want certain things in marriage—companionship, a home and children; or security, the right to a title and a front seat in the lap o' luxury—or maybe just love, plain and fancy. Then make up your mind, first of all, as to just what you want—and *don't kid yourself!* Maybe you'll find you don't want marriage at all. It's possible, you know. Better get yourself straight on this at the beginning. It'll save a lot of lawyer's fees later on!

"HOW do you go about knowin' what type a man is?

"It's simple. Let me show you.

"Say you go to a dance and meet a man who seems mighty attractive to you. He makes a date with you. You start going out 'steady,' as the phrase is. Just naturally, the talk gets around to love—and marriage—and you (if you know what's good for you) keep pretty quiet. You get his views. Men, I have found, aren't nearly as apt to say things they don't mean as women. If they don't get their cue they usually tell the truth. That's your chance!

"He'll either confide in you that he wants a home and three kids—two boys and a girl, maybe—and a little car. Or he'll give you a line about how marriage is all right, in its way, but it just isn't his way. Or he'll tell you how lonesome he's been (and this type will probably be a lot older than the others), and how he craves companionship for his long, lonely evenings in front of the fireplace in his carpet slippers. Of course, they won't say it just in those words—but that's what it'll amount to.

"And that's the time to do some mental arithmetic!

"JUST what *are* you looking for? If you want a home, some kids of your own and a pretty loyal husband, then take that first guy. If you like men yourself and are broadminded about the way your husband spends his evenings—and if he finally gets around to offering matrimony—then the second one'll do for you; though you mustn't get the idea you can change him *after* marriage. Maybe he'll change—and maybe he won't. But don't put your money on it—win, place or show. If, on the other hand, you've seen a little of life yourself and find that it's not much fun to spend your time waitin' around for a man's free evenings . . . that you're still catchin' all the bridal bouquets, but haven't caught a groom yet, then the security this third man offers is something you can afford to spare a few minutes considerin'.

"In talkin' to so many people in this kind of an intimate talk I have to set down certain general ideas. Some of them'll apply to your case—and some of them will give the girl next door somethin' to think about. In order to help you find your type and to sidestep some of the pitfalls that are avoidable, I'd suggest you listen to a little reason along the following lines:

DON'T marry a man to reform him—that's what reform schools are for.

DON'T be suspicious or unnecessarily jealous—it just gives a man ideas.

DON'T keep a man guessin' *too* long—he's sure to get the answer somewhere else.

DON'T give up all your boy friends for one man—you may need them when he forgets to call.

DON'T ape the movie stars—your sweetheart fell in love with you.

DON'T think a career will replace love—Eden's more fun than a noiseless typewriter.

DON'T come crawlin' to a man for love—he likes to get a run for his money.

DON'T believe all a man tells you—he probably doesn't himself.

DON'T cry for a man who's left you—the next one may fall for your smile.

DON'T sacrifice too much for a man—he never enjoyed anything more than giving up a rib!

"And here are a few hints which may open the door to your happiness:

To hold a man's love—keep lovin' him.

Keep your youth—there's more calls for sixteen than sixty.

Men like to be praised—never miss an opportunity.

Look your best—who said love's blind?

Be amiable—men don't like to be crossed—or double-crossed.

Kiss and make up—but too much make-up has ruined many a kiss.

Cultivate your curves—they may be dangerous but they won't be avoided!

Brains are an asset to the woman in love who's smart enough to hide 'em!

Be regular—there isn't any competition against the girl who's regular.

What's the use of talkin'—actions speak louder than words!

"I've had lots of friendships with men in my life and I think the public has a pretty good idea of *my* type of man after seein' me in my pictures. I've never been very vague about it—'tall, dark 'n' handsome.'

"Of all things there's nothin' sadder than a woman afraid of love. The homes of relatives are cluttered up with such disappointed, embittered, old-young women—who didn't know love ain't no sin! They've missed up on the best things of life—a home of their own, admiration, the beauty of contentment—because of some silly, old-fashioned notions that have kept them from being themselves—from holdin' hands over a rustic fence with a freckle-faced boy—or kissin' a handsome young sailor lad near a waterfall when the stars hung low!

"LOVE ain't no sin—like the world, it's the people in it, and it's what makes the wheels go 'round!

"I've always contended the right place for a woman is in a man's arms—but a man whose lovin' can make her believe a three-year-old coat is better than a new mink. When he can do that—well, as they say in Hollywood—'He's just the type'!"

The Fan Club Corner

MANY fan club delegates are preparing to attend the second annual convention of movie fan clubs, sponsored by The Movie Club Guild, to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12 and 13. The program follows:

Saturday, August 11th

1:30—Registration of delegates—PHOTOPLAY Magazine office, Room 1129, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3:30—Visit to Lincoln Park.

4:30—Trip to Chinatown.

7:30—WLS Barn Dance—or Theater Party. (WLS Barn Dance reservations must be made in advance.)

Sunday, August 12th

10:30 A. M.—Meeting of all delegates for visit to A Century of Progress. Special visit to Hollywood at the Fair.

Monday, August 13th

12:00 A. M.—Luncheon.

7:00 P. M.—Theater Party.

10:00 P. M.—Dancing Party.

Many important questions regarding fan club activities will be discussed during the business sessions of the convention, and the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs extends a hearty welcome to all delegates.

Lenore Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., is Chairman of Arrangements for the convention.

THE Agnes Ayres Fan Club is planning some very interesting new contests, prizes to be donated by Miss Ayres, herself. The club headquarters have been moved to 955 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill. A copy of the club's publication, "Stardust," will be sent to all Agnes Ayres fans interested in joining this club.

Miss Florence Scafidi, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes: "You scrapbook fans have a splendid opportunity to increase your collection through our club clipping bureau." Interested Rogers fans are invited to write her for more information.

The president of the John Boles Music Club writes: "All John Boles fans interested in hearing about Lillian Musgrave's visit to John Boles' home in Beverly Hills, and her good luck in meeting Mr. and Mrs. John Boles and family, should write to her at 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn."

Helen Raether, president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, sends in the first issue of the club bulletin, "The Telescope." It is an interesting little club paper. All Lew Ayres fans are asked to write Miss Raether at 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: "Our club is making plans to issue a club news magazine in early winter. This will be published every three months. It will contain departments of much interest to all Tom Brown enthusiasts. Please tell other club officials to send me copies of their bulletins." Mr. Cedrone's address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th St., New Castle, Ind., is the new president of the Chevalier-MacDonald Fan Club. She is taking over the duties of Mrs. Eva White, a staunch fan club worker, who has accepted the post of honorary president of her chapter. All Chevalier and MacDonald fans write her.

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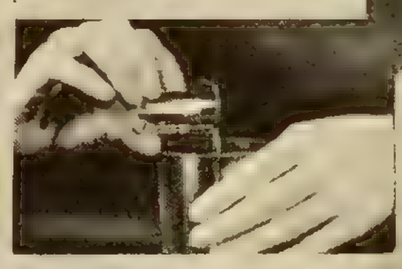

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Hollywood Clothes Shop, Fairbanks

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (*June*)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (*July*)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (*Aug.*)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (*March*)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (*Aug.*)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (*April*)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (*July*)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (*March*)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (*March*)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (*March*)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film début in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (*June*)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (*April*)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (*Aug.*)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (*May*)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (*Aug.*)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (*March*)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (*June*)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (*July*)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (*April*)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (*Aug.*)

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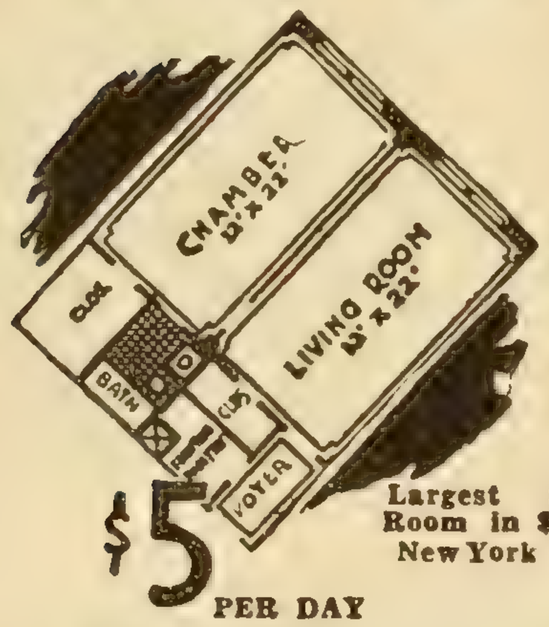

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MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (*Aug.*)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (*March*)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (*Aug.*)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (*Aug.*)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (*Aug.*)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (*April*)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (*April*)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, *Mr. X*. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (*May*)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive début on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (*March*)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (*May*)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (*May*)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (*May*)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (*April*)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (*June*)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (*July*)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (*Aug.*)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (*April*)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (*June*)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—The story is beautifully handled, and Grace Moore's glorious voice will be a treat for all music lovers. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati. (*Aug.*)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (*Aug.*)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (*Aug.*)

That elderly roué with his hairy cheek against Diana Wynyard's luscious shoulder really isn't what he seems. It's just handsome young Ted Newton in a masquerade get-up, appearing in "Let's Try Again"

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (*March*)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (*March*)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (*July*)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (*Aug.*)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (*March*)

POPPIN' THE CORK — Fox-Educational. — Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (*March*)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiance, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (*July*)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA** — M-G-M. —As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (*March*)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (*June*)

REGISTERED NURSE — Warners. — Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (*May*)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (*Aug.*)

★ **RIPTIDE** — M-G-M. — Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (*May*)

★ **SADIE McKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (*July*)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (*March*)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffee as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (*July*)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (*March*)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (*May*)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finis. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (*May*)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (*May*)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (*June*)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (*May*)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (*March*)

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Polo on hobby-horses! He-men say it's a sissy game. But these four players are having a good time. Left to right, Ethelreda Leopold, Patricia Ellis, Joan Wheeler and Diane Bourget

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (*July*)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (*April*)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (*April*)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (*April*)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (*July*)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (*July*)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (*March*)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (*March*)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deeping's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (*Aug.*)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (*May*)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (*April*)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto *Henry* Kruger and Nigel *Johnny* Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (*July*)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (*June*)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (*July*)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with Charles Starrett. (*Aug.*)

STRAIGHTAWAY — Columbia. — Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (*April*)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (*July*)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (*May*)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (*July*)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (*May*)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skilfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (*July*)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (*Aug.*)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (*July*)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE** — RKO-Radio. — Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (*May*)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (*April*)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (*June*)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (*Aug.*)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (*June*)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (*July*)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O' Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (*June*)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (*Aug.*)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (*March*)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (*July*)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (*July*)

UPPERWORLD — Warners. — In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (*June*)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (*June*)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (*April*)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (*June*)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (*July*)

WHARF ANGEL — Paramount. — Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (*May*)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (*July*)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (*March*)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (*July*)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (*June*)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (*July*)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (*July*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (*Aug.*)

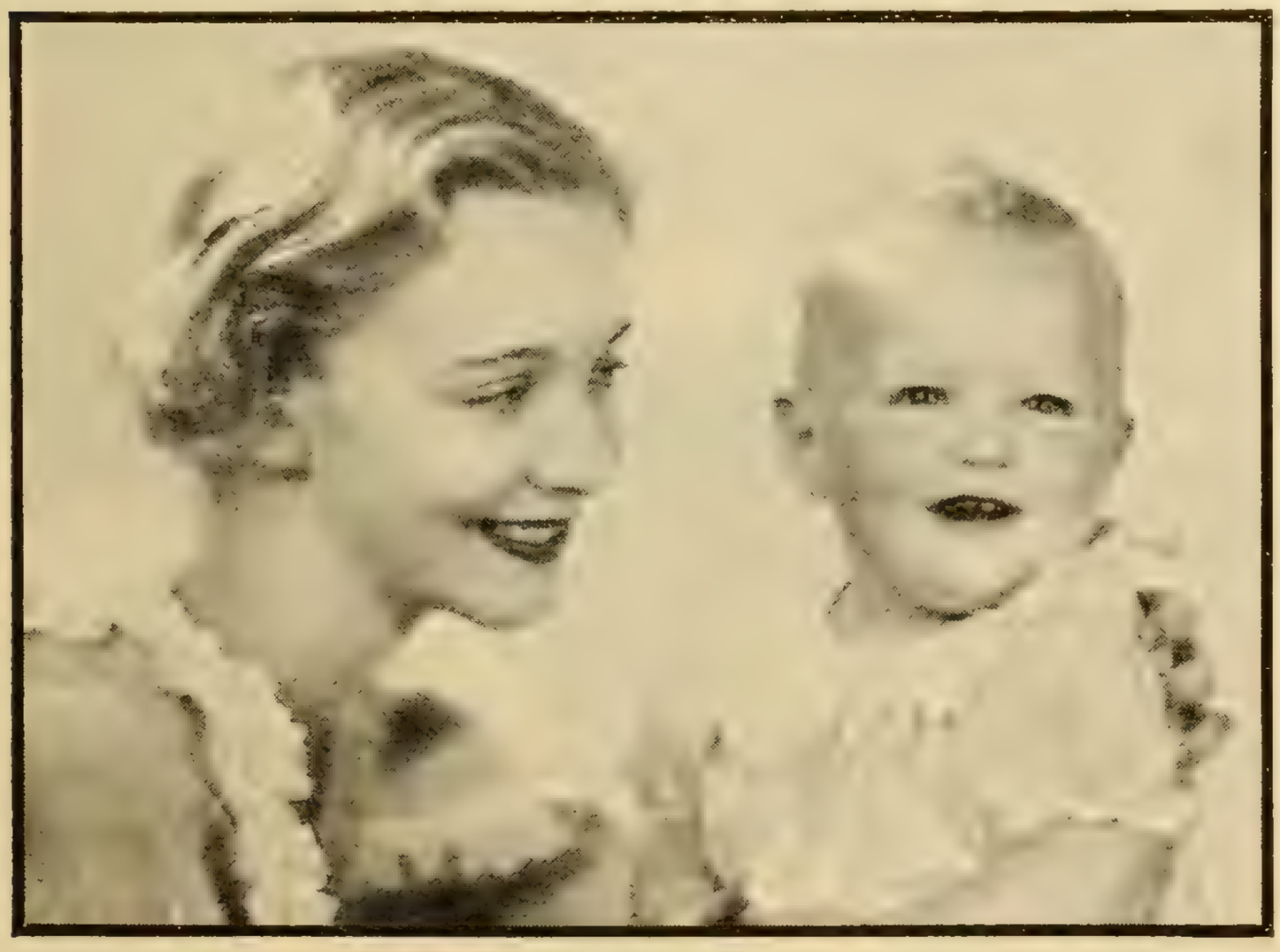
WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (*March*)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (*April*)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (*April*)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (*April*)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (*June*)



Year-old Susan Ann Gilbert smiles for a picture with her mother, Virginia Bruce. Since Virginia's divorce from John Gilbert, she has returned to pictures. You'll see her in "Jane Eyre"

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

"THE great players and playmakers of tomorrow will interpret and write for the screen." (PHOTOPLAY editorial, September, 1919.) Great or near-great, there are few hold-outs today. Fifteen years ago, Alec B. Francis, middle-aged, mellowed by an impressive stage career, a genuine love of music and a good pipe, had already been in movies seven years. (He died in July). That prophetic issue carried lots of fascinating stories about Anita Stewart, William Desmond and his bride, Mary McIvor, Clara Horton, David Butler, Charles Hutchison, Pathe's scientific stunt man, and Enid Markey. PHOTOPLAY was making its public director-conscious. There were intimate sketches of James Cruze, directing Wallace Reid, and Paul Scardon, Harry T. Morey's megaphone pilot.

Alec B. Francis

Bebe Daniels quit capering opposite young Harold Lloyd and moved over to Lasky's for dramatic parts. Mary Miles Minter's new Realart contract was said to assure her $1,300,000 over a three-year period. Pearl White, abdicating as the Pathe serial queen, signed with Fox for dramatic features. Boyish Dick Barthelmess had raised a mustache for his next Griffith film. Rex Beach was in the movie game to supervise production of his novels. We noted editorially: "There is a most extraordinary reaction everywhere against the 'war story.'" Superior pictures were Chaplin's "Sunnyside," "The Avalanche" (Elsie Ferguson), "Better Times" (ZaSu Pitts), "The Spark Divine" (Alice Joyce), "Secret Service" (Robert Warwick). The beauty on the cover—Mary Thurman.

10 Years Ago

BLANCHE SWEET, ill and in retirement for years, was acclaimed for her comeback via the "Anna Christie" route, with "a new charm, a new power." (After 1925, Miss Sweet's rally collapsed. She has not been seen at all on the screen since 1930, and lives quietly in New York.) Much more famous than when we wrote him up in 1919, James Cruze had not forgotten a needy old friend who "knew him when." Luke Cosgrave, paternal partner of Cruze's youthful barnstorming, told how the director had recently lifted him from "wagon stock" obscurity to good rôles in Hollywood. Nita Naldi, an outstanding vamp, dieted off twenty pounds. Chaplin at last had found a leading lady to supplant Edna Purviance. She was unknown Lita Grey. He said she had "the spark." And how the spark did fly! Charlie's "ex," Mildred Harris, was about to realize a lifetime ambition—going to Europe to study and entertain. "The Diplomat of Hollywood" was Kathlyn Williams' title. Possibly because she was the first to charm Pola Negri. It will be recalled that she was apt at charming tigresses in the serial days. Robert W. Frazer, whom Pola called "the perfect lover," was "Hollywood's champion radio bug." Dustin Farnum was divorcing. The six best pictures: "Babbitt" (Willard Louis), "The Arab" (Ramon Novarro), "Being Respectable" (Irene Rich), "Manhandled" (Gloria Swanson), "Captain January" (Hobart Bosworth), and "The Perfect Flapper," with Colleen Moore, who was also the cover girl.

Blanche Sweet

5 Years Ago

GARBO went vacationing, "maybe to avoid meeting Gilbert," who wed Ina Claire. Greta was to do one more silent, then her talking "Anna Christie." Unknown Virginia Bruce got a Paramount contract. Dustin Farnum died. The following night his brother, William, pulled himself together for a stage comeback. Ora Carew was now known as Joana Hokkan. Mary and Doug were making "The Taming of the Shrew." The best pictures included "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (M-G-M all-star cast), "The Single Standard" (Garbo), "Drag" (Barthelmess), "The Greene Murder Case" (William Powell), "Paris Bound" (Ann Harding), and "The Dance of Life," with the late Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, whose red locks gave color to our cover. Maurice Chevalier was an idol over here after making one bad Hollywood film, "Innocents of Paris." Personality! Matty Kemp, Buddy Rogers, and Grant Withers were the principal Hollywood beaux. Quotations: Lila "Cuddles" Lee, now grown-up: "I don't want to be a sweet soul with a ga-ga heart." Myrna Loy: "I could never have been a leading lady in silent pictures." William Haines: "At heart I am not a wise-cracker." The first musical film boom pushed ahead full speed. Louis Silvers, Buddy De Sylva, and many other composers mined Hollywood gold. All big producers had annexed song publishing houses. John Boles, with a broad musical background, was hoisted to prominence by sound, after months of Hollywood indifference. Bebe Daniels was a singing sensation.

Nancy Carroll

The Miseries of Nudism

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

more consistently sick and miserable in my life. I had one cold after another. I was never without a sniffle, but always without a handkerchief, for where could I carry a handkerchief in that costume without appearing overdressed. I was never without an ache or a pain.

"I was never completely and comfortably warm, and I was never, never, never without a bite from one of those da—those monkeys. I always had the same average—one fresh bite, one about half-healed, and one scar.

"I LOVED the baby monkeys. They're darling and lots of fun. But the adults are mean, and whenever the action called for one of them to come running toward me and tell me something about *Tarzan*, I just had to grit my chattering teeth and pray. It always meant another bite, some place.

"It took us a year to make the picture, you know. And I just chalk it up as three hundred and sixty-five days of unexcelled discomfort. And even leaving the monkeys out of it, I wouldn't be a nudist for anything. Even now, in the middle of summer, I sometimes stand and shiver at the remembrance of those freezing days and nights in that calico wisp before the camera, and send up thanks that I am fully and warmly dressed again.

"No sharp twigs, no roots, no razor-backed trees, no ice water, no mosquitoes, no flies, no gnats.

"The theory of nudism is all right—if there is no snake. It worked perfectly in the Garden of Eden, until the snake came along and said, 'Yah! Yah! You're naked!'

"Right then and there, women began to figure out ways and means of appearing attractive, though clothed.

"And every woman today knows that if she is dressed in a gown that has a high collar and a skirt that swirls down around the ankles, the entire ensemble leaving everything to the imagination, she is much more attractive and mysterious than if she were in a *Tarzan* costume. A dress conceals a multitude of defects."

I contemplated in my mind's eye *Tarzan's* mate all wrapped around in cotton batting and sewed up for the winter. The picture was disappointing, and carried with it a sort of mummified dullness.

"I'll tell you one thing," she said. "If there really is a definite trend toward nudism, I don't think it will do a bit of harm. But if I were in charge of things, I would have a board of censorship which could perch critically on the necessary æsthetic plane to differentiate between those who are beautiful enough to appear in public without any clothes on, and those who would disfigure the landscape."

SHE paused and regarded the pitiful remains of her handsome lunch.

"They say," she remarked thoughtfully, "that they might make another 'Tarzan.' But after 'The Barretts' is finished I'll make 'Hide Out,' then I am going back to Ireland for a visit. You know, I'm awfully glad I came to Hollywood in the first place, even if I have been uncomfortable, but I'll never be a big success in pictures.

"You have to be a freak of nature to be a

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and

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film star—something extraordinary, mentally, emotionally or physically. And I *know* I'll never go very far with the 'Tarzan's.' Every one of my eight fans took the trouble to write to me and to tell me how unsuited I was for the part, and how badly I looked in the costume, and how I should be ashamed of myself. I haven't anything for the screen. I'm not a freak of nature. I'm just average and human."

I ignored it all with the exception of Ireland. You can't do a thing with modesty like that.

"What do the Irish think of nudism?" I asked.

"They don't think of it," she said. "Ireland is too cold."

She looked at the clock on the wall.

"Well, well, duty calls," she informed me. "I must go to be on the set on time. I'm allowing myself fifteen minutes to get out of here because, you see, I shall have to work against the current."

THE two waiters and Johnny Farrow gallantly hoisted her out of her chair. She stood wavering for a moment, overcome by the ballast.

Then she got a slant on the door and achieved a slight momentum.

"Shall I crack a bottle of champagne over you?" I asked.

"You're too late. I'm launched," she said.

Slowly, majestically, the great ship broke loose from her moorings. Inexorably, it began to glide down the track toward the open sea.

"What do you think of nudism now?" I called after her.

"Well, it has its points," she said, brushing a director's table aside lightly.

Fifteen minutes later she stood poised and triumphant at the threshold. The commissary was a shambles, but Ireland's navy was unscathed.

Women Must Be Amused

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Bill paused to welcome two more architects and a scenario writer. The rest were already there. He is about to perform in another picture. He is in the throes of building a house.

He is looking for a boat to charter for a vacation cruise. Another man arrived, armed with alluring photographs and descriptions of boats. Bill is a permanent welcome committee.

HE bought Hobart Bosworth's house and decided to make a few changes. When he finished having ideas, there was nothing left standing but a fireplace, chimney and the foundation. So he (and forty-seven other people) are now at work building a Georgian house on the Spanish foundation. Isn't that just like a man? Always wanting to change things.

"Thought I'd marry a house for a change," Bill tossed in an aside from a discussion as to where he will put the Acropolis when Billy Haines brings it back from Greece.

"I've married a lot of women—well, two—and I thought a house might be more permanent. Right now it's very difficult for me to talk about love, except architecturally, be-

cause my love-life is almost entirely absorbed by the house. . . . Now here, at this end of the swimming-pool," Powell turns to Architect III, "I want a group of trees with sex-appeal. Graceful, languid, cool-looking. Not crisp or active, or trees that make you *think*. Sort of tired and willing, sleepy—soft little gentle sounds—trees to relax with . . ." That ought to give you some idea about Bill.

"I FULLY anticipate being the successful lover of this house," Bill explained with a suave Powell look, especially effective in a pair of red shorts, "because I expect to combine humor with underlying stability. I always think of the house as feminine, and I am going to give it the most tender and devoted care.

"In the first place, everything is being paid for as we go along. I think women are apt to suspect a man's sense of humor if he doesn't pay his debts. My house will never have to worry over the bills for her façade, her patio, or her plumbing. A woman in debt always has so much defiance mixed with her gaiety.

"I shall prove that my sense of humor is *substantial* by having her pantry always well-stocked. You can be as humorous as you like, but it won't amuse a hungry woman. That reminds me, excuse me a moment."

His voice on the telephone drifted back into the garden—"Russian Eagle? Table for two, eight o'clock. Blini and Shaslik. Powell."

And Kathryn Sergava, the lovely little Russian actress in the one-piece bathing-suit, sunning herself in the Powell patio, smiled with pleased serenity.

Theodor, the infallible Powell butler, arrived with a drink for the most recent dropper-inner (this goes on all the time), and proved that his master's sense of humor must be contagious.

It was an enormous drink—half a tumbler full—with water on the side.

"But, but—I just wanted a small-waisted high-ball," protested the flattered and flabbergasted guest.

"Oh, pardon sir," said Theodor, removing it. "I thought you were from Connecticut!"

We don't know what Connecticut has to do with it—but it seemed a good answer at the time.

"And then," Bill jumped back, abandoning architecture for a short moment, "there is always one woman that every man can love successfully. When he branches out, it requires that he be adaptable and persevering. He has to seem entirely natural, no matter what kind of a performance he is required to give.

"Every experience alters his opinion. Situations one approached with assurance at twenty are bafflers later on. You have far less conviction as you learn more. The channel widens until the shore is invisible on both sides.

"A SENSE of humor is imperative when a lady says 'no.'

"You need it more when she says 'yes'—or when she implies it, since the sages inform us that no lady says 'yes.' But you can tell!

"When she does say it, sometimes you're so surprised you run like fury. Sometimes you marry the poor girl—to her infinite regret. Probably out of fatigue she has given the fatal word. But how are you to know?

"Personally, it would seem to me that the time a man most desperately needs a sense of humor is when the lady's husband walks in—and then walks out, saying, 'She's all yours, my boy. Take her, with my blessing.'

"That's a very tough one to laugh off!"

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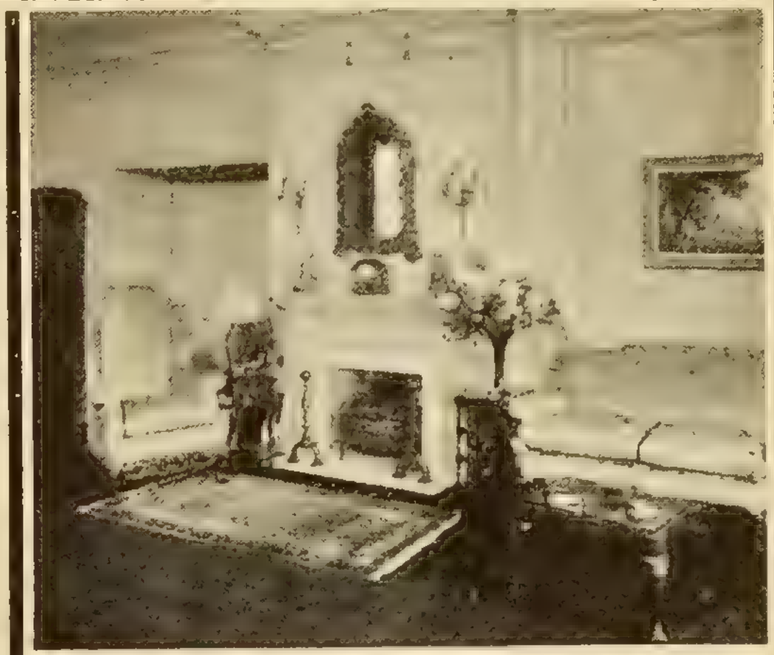

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"ALONG CAME SALLY"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Sally Bird*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Mademoiselle Zaza*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Michael "King" Kelly*, Sam Hardy; *Queenie*, Phyllis Clare; *Billy*, Billy Milton; *Casino*, Ben Weldon; *Little Joe*, Enrico Naldi; *Joan*, Ann Hope; *Madison*, Ivor McLaren; *Percy*, Rex Evans; *Tubby*, Tubby Cipen; *"Gloves" Clarke*, Hartley Power.

"ARE WE CIVILIZED"—RASPIN PROD.—From the story by Harold Sherman. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Paul Franklin, Sr.*, William Farnum; *Norma Bockner*, Anita Louise; *Abraham Lincoln*, Frank McGlynn; *Feliz Bockner*, Frank McGlynn; *Paul Franklin, Jr.*, LeRoy Mason; *Dr. Leonard Gear*, Oscar Apfel; *Col. Salter*, Stuart Holmes; *Moses*, Alin Cavin; *Buddha*, Conrad Siderman; *Confucius*, Sidney T. Pink; *Caesar*, Harry Burkhart; *Christ*, Charles Requa; *Mohammed*, J. C. Fowler; *Christopher Columbus*, Bert Lindley; *George Washington*, Aaron Edwards; *Napoleon*, William Humphries.

"BABY TAKE A BOW"—FOX.—From the story by Philip Klein and E. E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Shirley*, Shirley Temple; *Eddie Ellison*, James Dunn; *Kay Ellison*, Claire Trevor; *Welch*, Alan Dinehart; *Larry Scott*, Ray Walker; *Jane*, Dorothy Libaire; *Trigger Stone*, Ralf Harolde; *Flannigan*, James Flavin; *Mr. Carson*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Carson*, Oliver Tell.

"BACHELOR BAIT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward and Victor Halperin. Screen play by Glenn Tryon. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Wilbur Fess*, Stuart Erwin; *Linda*, Rochelle Hudson; *Allie Summers*, Pert Kelton; *Van Dusen*, Skeets Gallagher; *Big Barney*, Berton Churchill; *Don Belden*, Grady Sutton; *District Attorney*, Clarence H. Wilson.

"BLACK MOON"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Clements Ripley. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Lane*, Jack Holt; *Gail*, Fay Wray; *Juanita*, Dorothy Burgess; *Nancy*, Cora Sue Collins; *Dr. Perez*, Arnold Korff; *Lunch*, Clarence Muse; *Anna*, Eleanor Wesselhoeft; *Ruva*, Madame Sul-te-wan; *Kala*, Lawrence Criner; *Macklin*, Lumsden Hare.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE" — FOX. — Based on the novel "The Chinese Parrot" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by George Hadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Paula Graham*, Drue Leyton; *Bob Crawford*, Donald Woods; *J. P. Madden*, Paul Harvey; *Martin Thorne*, Murray Kinnell; *Professor Gamble*, Harvey Clark.

"CLEOPATRA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Waldemar Young and Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by C. B. DeMille. The cast: *Cleopatra*, Claudette Colbert; *Julius Caesar*, Warren William; *Marc Antony*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Calpurnia*, Gertrude Michael; *Herod*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Octavian*, Ian Keith; *Enobarbus*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Cassius*, Ian MacLaren; *Brutus*, Arthur Hohl; *Pothinos*, Leonard Mudie; *Appollodorus*, Irving Pichel; *Octavia*, Claudia Dell; *Charmian*, Eleanor Phelps; *Drussus*, John Rutherford; *Iras*, Grace Durkin; *Achillas*, Robert Warwick; *Casca*, Edwin Maxwell; *Circero*, Charles Morris; *The Soothsayer*, Harry Beresford.

"DR. MONICA"—WARNERS.—From the play by Marja Morozowicz Szcepkowska. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Dr. Monica*, Kay Francis; *Anna*, Verree Teasdale; *Mary*, Jean Muir; *John*, Warren William; *Louise*, Virginia Pine; *Mr. Pettinghill*, Herbert Bunson; *Mrs. Hazlitt*, Ann Shoemaker; *Burton*, Phillip Reed; *Mrs. Monahan*, Emma Dunn; *Mrs. Chandor*, Virginia Hammond; *Dr. Brent*, Hale Hamilton.

"GRAND CANARY"—FOX.—From the novel by A. J. Cronin. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Dr. Harvey Leith*, Warner Baxter; *Lady Mary Fielding*, Madge Evans; *Daisy Hemingway*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Suzan Tranter*, Zita Johann; *Jimmie Corcoran*, Roger Imhof; *Dr. Ismay*, H. B. Warner; *Robert Tranter*, Barry Norton; *Elissa Baynham*, Juliette Compton; *Captain Renton*, Gilbert Emery; *Trout*, John Rogers; *Steward*, Gerald Rogers; *Purser*, Desmond Roberts; *Marquesa*, Carrie Daumery.

"HEART SONG" — FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Friedrich Hollaender. The cast: *Juliette*, Lilian Harvey; *The Duke*, Charles Boyer; *The Empress*, Mady Christians; *Didier*, Maurice Evans; *Arabella*, Friedel Schuster; *The Chamberlain*, Ernest Thesiger; *Offenbach*, Julius Falkenstein; *The Regimental Doctor*, Huntley Wright; *The Hospital Orderly*, Reginald Smith; *Marianne*, Ruth Maitland; *Elinne*, O. B. Clarance.

"HERE COMES THE NAVY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Al Cohn and Ben Markson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Chesty*, James Cagney; *Biff*, Pat O'Brien; *Dorothy*, Gloria Stuart; *Gladys*, Dorothy Tree; *Droopy*, Frank McHugh; *Executive Officer*, Willard Robertson; *Droopy's mother*, Maude Eburne; *Naval Commander Denny*, Robert Barrat.

"HIS GREATEST GAMBLE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Salisbury Field. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Harry Hervey. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Philip Eden*, Richard Dix; *Alice*, Dorothy Wilson; *Stephen*, Bruce Cabot; *Florence*, Erin O'Brien Moore; *Alice, as a child*, Edith Fellows; *Bernice*, Shirley Grey; *The Butler*, Leonard Carey; *Jenny*, Eily Malyon.

Helen Trenholme leaped from radio dramatic acting to a rôle opposite Warren William in Warners' "The Case of the Howling Dog"

"IT'S A BOY"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story by Franz Arnold and Ernest Bach. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Dudley Leake*, Edward Everett Horton; *James Skippett*, Leslie Henson; *Joe Piper*, Albert Burdon; *Anita Gunn*, Heather Thatcher; *Eustace Bogle*, Alfred Drayton; *Allister*, Robertson Hare; *Mary Bogle*, Wendy Barrie; *Mrs. Bogle*, Helen Haye; *Lillian*, Joyce Kirby; *Registrar*, J. H. Roberts.

"JANE EYRE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Charlotte Bronte. Adapted by Adele Comandini. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jane Eyre*, Virginia Bruce; *Rochester*, Colin Clive; *Blanche Ingram*, Aileen Pringle; *Charles Craig*, Jameson Thomas; *Mrs. Fairfax*, Beryl Mercer; *Brockelhurst*, David Torrence; *Lord Ingram*, Lionel Belmore; *Daisy*, Joan Standing; *Adele*, Edith Fellows; *Dr. Rivers*, Desmond Robert; *Grace Poole*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Reed*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Bessie*, Hylda Tyson; *Miss Temple*, Gretta Gould; *Bertha Rochester*, Claire DuBrey; *Lady Ingram*, Edith Kingdon; *Halliburton*, William Wagner; *Jeweler*, Olaf Hytten; *Minister*, William Burres; *Mary Lane*, Gail Kaye; *Jane, as a child*, Jean Darling; *John Reed*, Richard Quino; *Georgiana*, Anne Howard.

"LOST JUNGLE, THE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Colbert Clark and John Rathmell. Directed by Armand Schaefer and Dave Howard. The cast: *Clyde Beatty*, Clyde Beatty; *Ruth Robinson*, Cecilia Parker; *Larry Henderson*, Sid Saylor; *Sharkey*, Warner Richmond; *Kirby*, Wheeler Oakman; *Thompson*, Maston Williams; *Explorer*, J. Crauford Kent.

"LOUISIANA"—ROBERT MINTZ PROD.—From the story by J. Augustus Smith. Directed by Arthur Hoerl. The cast: Laura Bowman, Edna Barr, Lionel Monagas, J. Augustus Smith and Morris McKenny.

"MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR"—M-G-M.—From the play "Rear Car" by Edward E. Rose. Screen play by Ralph Spence, Edgar A. Woolf and Al Boasberg. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Scott*, Charles Ruggles; *Georgia*, Una Merkel; *Ruth*, Mary Carlisle; *Blake*, Russell Hardie; *Murray*, Porter Hall; *Hanks*, Willard Robertson; *Carson*, Berton Churchill; *Allen*, Cliff Thompson; *Titus*, Snowflake.

"NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frederick Irving Anderson. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Frederick Irving Anderson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Sophie Lang*, Gertrude Michael; *Max Bernard, (Sir Nigel Crane)*, Paul Cavanagh; *Inspector Parr*, Arthur Byron; *Aunt Nellie*, Alison Skipworth; *Peltz*, Leon Errol; *Capt. Thompson*, Ben Taggart; *Robin*, Norman Ainsley; *1st Jeweler*, Arthur Hoyt; *2nd Jeweler*, Edward McWade; *Countess Di Cesca*, Madame Jacoby; *Augustus Telfen*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *House Detective*, Del Henderson; *Floorwalker*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *1st Clerk*, William Jeffries; *2nd Clerk*, Jack Mulhall; *3rd Clerk*, Perry Ivans; *4th Clerk*, Alphonse Martell; *French Marshall*, Lucio Villegas; *Oscar*, Adrian Rosley.

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Lester Cohen. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Philip Carey*, Leslie Howard; *Mildred*, Bette Davis; *Sally*, Frances Dee; *Nora*, Kay Johnson; *Griffiths*, Reginald Denny; *Miller*, Alan Hale; *Athelny*, Reginald Owen; *Dunsford*, Reginald Sheffield; *Dr. Jacobs*, Desmond Roberts.

"OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Jack Cunningham. Adapted by Walter DeLeon and Garnett Weston. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *The Great McGonigle*, W. C. Fields; *Albert Pepperday*, Baby LeRoy; *Wally Livingston*, Joe Morrison; *Betty McGonigle*, Judith Allen; *Gump*, Tammany Young; *Cleopatra Pepperday*, Jan Duggan; *Dick Bronson*, Jack Mulhall; *Mr. Livingston*, Oscar Apfel; *Charles Lowell*, Joe Mills; *Bartley Neauville*, Samuel Ethridge; *Mother Mack*, Emma Ray; *Agatha Sprague*, Ruth Marion; *Mr. Wendelschaffer*, Otis Harlan; *Mrs. Wendelschaffer*, Nora Cecil; *Sheriff Brown*, Richard Carle; *Sheriff Jones*, Lew Kelly; *Pullman Porter*, Oscar Smith; *Conductor*, Edward J. LeSaint; *Passenger*, Davison Clark; *Bertha*, Dorothy Bay; *Waitress*, Maxine Elliott Hicks . . . Cast of "The Drunkard"—*Drover Stevens*, Larry Grenier; *Mary Wilson*, Ruth Marion; *Landlord*, William Blatchford; *William Dawton*, Joe Morrison; *Mr. Arden Rencelaw*, Jeffrey Williams; *Squire Cribbs*, W. C. Fields; *Edward Middleton*, Samuel Ethridge; *Agnes Dawton*, Judith Allen; *Manager of Opera House*, Del Henderson.

"OUR DAILY BREAD"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by King Vidor. Adapted by Elizabeth Hill. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Mary*, Karen Morley; *John*, Tom Keene; *Chris*, John T. Qualen; *Sally*, Barbara Pepper; *Louie*, Addison Richards; *Mother*, Madame Boneita; *Uncle Anthony*, Harry Holman; *Father*, Harold Berquist; *Old Lady*, Marion Ballow; *Mrs. Larsen*, Alma Ferns; *Larsen children*, Three Milsfield children; *Barber*, Lionel Baccus; *Cigar Salesman*, Harris Gordon; *Jew*, Bill Engel; *Plumber*, Frank Minor; *Carpenter*, Henry Hall; *Undertaker*, Frank Hammond; *Bully*, Lynton Brant; *Politician*, Henry Burroughs; *Little Man*, Harry Brown; *Professor*, Harry Bradley; *Blacksmith*, Captain Anderson; *Sheriff*, Harrison Greene; *Lawyer*, Si Clogg; *Tough Guy*, Ray Spiker; *Deputy Sheriff*, Eddy Baker; *Chief*, Harry Barnard; *First gossiping woman*, Doris Kemter; *Second gossiping woman*, Florence Enright; *Italian shoemaker*, Harry Samuels; *Jewish boy*, Sidney Miller; *Jewish wife*, Nelly Nichols; *Violinist*, Alex Schumberg; *Stone Mason*, Bud Ray; *Hannibal*, Bob Reeves; *Powerhouse man*, Ed Biel; *Motorcyclist*, Jack Baldwin.

"RANDY RIDES ALONE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Randy Bowers*, John Wayne; *Sally Rogers*, Alberta Vaughn; *Matt Black*, George Hayes; *Spike*, Yakima Canutt; *Sheriff*, Earl Dwire; *Deputy*, Tex Phelps; *Henchman*, Arthur Ortega.

"SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS"—FOX.—From the story by Randall H. Faye. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Larry Wilson*, Lew Ayres; *Jean Legai*, Alice Faye; *Peanuts*, Frank Mitchell; *Eddie*, Jack Durant; *Jose Lopez Rubenstein*, Harry Green.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Edward Hope, and the play by Howard Lindsay. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Paul Lawton*, Bing Crosby; *Curly Flagg*, Miriam Hopkins; *Midge Mercer*, Kitty Carlisle; *Buzz Jones*, Edward Nugent; *Dean Mercer*, Henry Stephenson; *Mugg Schnitzel*, Warren Hymer; *Gus McNeal*, Lynne Overman; *Frances Arbuthnot*, Judith Allen; *J. Thorval Jones*, George Barbier; *Charles M. Lawton*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Martha*, Margaret Armstrong; *J. B.*, Ralf Harolde; *Andy*, Matt McHugh; *Arkle*, Franklyn Ardell; *Baldy O'Mara*, Vince Barnett.

"SHOOT THE WORKS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Screen play by Howard J. Green and Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Nickey*, Jack Oakie; *Joe Davis*, Ben Bernie; *Lily Raquel*, Dorothy Dell; *Jackie*, Arline Judge; *The Countess*, Alison Skipworth; *Sailor Burke*, Roscoe Karns; *Larry Hale*, William Frawley; *Bill Ritchie*, Paul Cavanagh; *Axel Hanratty*, Lew Cody; *Man from Board of Health*, Monte Vandergrift; *Waiter*, Tony Merlo.

"STAMBOUL QUEST"—M-G-M.—From the story by Leo Birinski. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Annemarie*, Myrna Loy; *Beall*, George Brent; *Von Sturm*, Lionel Atwill; *Ali Bey*, C. Henry Gordon; *Karl*, Rudolph Amendt; *Amil*, Micha Auer.

"STAR PACKER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *John*, John Wayne; *Anita*, Verna Hillie; *Mallock*, George Hayes; *Yak*, Yakima Canutt; *Mason*, Earl Dwire *Parker*, Ed Parker; *Pete*, George Cleveland; *Sheriff*, Tom Lingham; *Deputy*, Arthur Ortega; *Boy*, Davie Aldrich.

"TELL-TALE HEART, THE"—CLIFTON-HURST PROD.—Based on the story by Edgar Allan Poe. Adapted by David Plunkett Greene. Directed by Desmond Hurst. The cast: *The Boy*, Norman Dryden; *The Old Man*, John Kelt; *The Girl*, Yolande Terrell; *First Investigator*, Thomas Shenton; *Second Investigator*, James Fleck; *The Doctor*, Colonel Cameron; *Asylum Superintendent*, H. Vasher.

"TREASURE ISLAND"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Long John Silver*, Wallace Beery; *Jim Hawkins*, Jackie Cooper; *Billy Bones*, Lionel Barrymore; *Doctor Livesey*, Otto Kruger; *Captain Smollett*, Lewis Stone; *Squire Trelawney*, Nigel Bruce; *Ben Gunn*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *Pew*, William V. Mong; *Black Dog*, Charles McNaughton; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Dorothy Peterson.

"TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by "The Eternal Masculine" by Dorothy Canfield. Continuity by Albert De Mond. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jack Smith*, Neil Hamilton; *Evalyn Van Suydan*, Miriam Jordan; *Mr. Populopulini*, Henry Armetta; *Dave Talbot*, Hardie Albright; *Mitzi*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mrs. Evanshire*, Mary Forbes; *Judge Gorman*, Edward Martindel; *Mr. Evanshire*, Claude King; *Pamela Evanshire*, Lona Andre; *Mrs. Walker*, Betty Blythe; *Sam Walker*, Edward Kane; *Mrs. Gorman*, Claire McDowell; *Anthony Populopulini*, George Lewis; *Mrs. Van Suydan*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mrs. Populopulini*, Nellie V. Nichols.

"WE'RE RICH AGAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Alden Nash. Screen play by Ray Harris. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Maude*, Edna May Oliver; *Mrs. Page*, Billie Burke; *Arabella*, Marian Nixon; *Booky*, Reginald Denny; *Carolyne*, Joan Marsh; *Erp*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Wilbur*, Grant Mitchell; *Vic*, Gloria Shea; *Healy*, Edgar Kennedy; *Fuji*, Otto Yamaoka; *Charmion*, Lenita Lane; *Mr. Green*, Dick Elliott; *Jose*, Andreas De Segurola.

"WHITE HEAT"—SEVEN SEAS PROD.—From the story by James Bodrero. Directed by Lois Weber. The cast: *Lucille Cheney*, Virginia Cherrill; *Leilani*, Mona Maris; *Chandler Morris*, Hardie Albright; *William Hawks*, David Newell; *Armia*, Arthur Clayton; *Mac*, Robert Stevenson; *Hale*, Whitney de Rahm; *Mrs. Cheney*, Naomi Childers; *Adam*, Nani Palsa; *Leilani's Father*, Nohili Naumu; *Mrs. Hale*, Kamaunani Achi.

"WORLD MOVES ON, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Mary*, Madeleine Carroll; *Richard*, Franchot Tone; *Erik*, Reginald Denny; *Baron von Gerhardt*, Siegfried Rumann; *Baroness von Gerhardt* Louise Dresser; *Carlos*, Raul Roulien; *Henri*, Raul Roulien; *Warburton*, Lumsden Hare; *Manning*, Dudley Digges; *John*, Frank Melton; *Madame Girard*, Brenda Fowler; *Notary*, Russell Simpson; *Frenchman*, Walter McGrail; *Madame Girard II*, Marcelle Corday; *Jacques the boy*, Charles Bastin; *Jacques*, Barry Norton; *Charles Girard*, George I ving; *Fritz*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Jeanne*, Georgette Rhodes; *Braithwaite*, Claude King; *Clumber*, Ivan Simpson; *Culbert*, Frank Moran; *Fetchit*, Stepin Fetchit.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"DO you believe in love at first sight?" Charlie Ruggles asked a girl on the set.

"Well," considered the lady, "I think it saves a lot of time."

YOU'LL never know how near Jean Harlow came to following Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell to the Great Beyond, via a tragic accident.

It happened when Jean and Patsy Kelly were making a scene at M-G-M in "Born To Be Kissed." Suddenly, a huge arc light, high above them, ripped from its moorings and plummeted right for the well-known platinum-blonde head.

But fortunately, a safety chain, attached to the rafters, caught the mass of glass and metal a few feet above her—and held it swaying, just time enough for Jean to show a neat pair of French heels flying away from there.

No show of temperament, however (and that's *one* occasion when one would have been justified). Jean went right back to work, after the light had been hoisted back in place.

JUST to keep you in touch with the grapevine rumors.

Glenda Farrell insists it's a lot of nonsense that she'll marry Robert Riskin, the screen writer . . . . Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane have eyes for no one else. . . . Meanwhile, Lyle's "ex," Elaine Melchior, and a New York attorney are very serious. . . . The whisper is that the Madge Evans and Tom Gallery romance is not getting closer, with Madge seeing quite a bit of a studio executive. . . . Ernst Lubitsch is squiring Sheila Mannors. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie are so close to marriage, the grapevine has them secretly wed. But that rumor is many months old. . . . Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson and Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard form a week-end yachting foursome. . . . It is still being insisted that Charles and Paulette ought to announce their two-year-old marriage. . . . Winifred Coe Dix, "ex" of Richard Dix, denies she will marry Dr. Harley J. Gunderson . . . . This must be something on the Hollywood eligibles—Mady Christians sending to Europe for her sweetheart . . . . Randolph Scott right after he and Vivian Gaye broke their engagement took to Sari Maritza and Wynne Gibson, with Vivian taking to Bobby Labranche. . . . The Buddy Rogers squiring of Mary Pickford goes on apace. . . . Katharine Hepburn still picks Director Gregory La Cava as the ace escort. . . . Phil Regan may visit Joan Crawford on the set and *vice versa*, but Phil is doing quite some crooning to Betty Grable. . . . Patricia Ellis is all taken up with Henry Wilcoxon. . . . Lanny Ross and his manager Olive White had fun on the sands at Atlantic City. . . . Sylvia Sidney and George Jean Nathan still palling around. . . . Lilian Bond, it's around, and Sidney Smith, wealthy playboy now shooting big game in Africa, will marry when he returns. . . . And Marian Marsh's admirer is Lord Walderon.

Henry Wadsworth, of the Kentucky Wadsworths, suh, has been given a rôle in M-G-M's "Four Walls." He was in "Operator 13," too

RALPH GRAVES, the triple-threat man, author-actor-director, and Betty Flournoy, débutante and University of California co-ed, think their elopement to Yuma, Arizona, to become Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves was one of the best things either has done.

OVERHEARD on a movie set. A leading man asked a lovely little bit player to go with him to see the play, "Ah, Wilderness."

"Why, thanks a lot," the little blonde cooed, "but honest, I never cared for them jungle plays. The snakes make me nervous."

AFTER all the talk about there being no stars in Hecht and MacArthur's movie, "Crime Without Passion," we find there is one—Helen Hayes. She went out to the studio to visit her husband, MacArthur, and he put her to work in the picture—as an extra.

Fanny Brice was out there that day, too, and she fared the same.

Then, caught up in the spirit of the thing themselves, Ben and Charlie put on their coats and played in the picture, too.

Helen Hayes was curious to see her husband on the screen, so she went out several days later to look at the rushes. Everyone who had seen them thought Charlie was a success. But Helen's comment was, "You're a good fellow, Charlie, but a terrible actor!"

THE only time Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur ever really "went Hollywood" was a few weeks ago when Charles Lederer arrived from the coast. In his honor, Hecht and MacArthur banked the whole studio with flowers and hung golden tinsel and red satin streamers from the ceilings. Thought the gaudy show would make the Hollywood technician feel more at home.

Molly O'Day, favorite of silent pictures, is making a comeback with an important part in RKO-Radio's film, "The Life of Vergie Winters"

IT'S going to be fun to see who wins in the ZaSu Pitts-Pauline Lord "hand-sprints." Both are in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and both have strikingly similar a manner of using their fluttering hands. Maybe Director Norman Taurog will have to turn it into a relay race.

And will they be shaking hands when it's all over?

WHEN Mae West loves 'em—they're never the same. Witness the case of Roger Pryor, who strayed from his home lot at Universal to play with Mae in "It Ain't No Sin" (which may get a new title).

Roger came back to Universal—and no one knew him. All the kinks had been taken out of his hair! It was curly before he left—but Mae must have melted them out.

Roger casually explained it with—"I've had enough curves to last for a while—I'm going straight from now on."

RUTH CHATTERTON thought she was insuring a little privacy when she selected a Hollywood rooftop as a sun bathing spot. But she didn't figure on the marvelous mechanical age in which we live.

Several times recently, no sooner has Ruth, *sans* clothing, stretched out for a bit of roasting than the whir of propellors on an airplane swooping low has sent her scurrying to safety.

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A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
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By
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I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through PHOTOPLAY Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY . . . you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets . . . every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study . . . into a *single book*. A book written just for you thousands of women who can be beautiful . . . if you only know how and where to begin.

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